



Saint Hymns



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Pilot Hymns

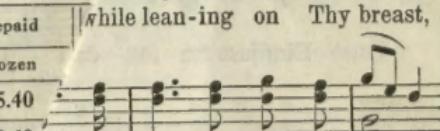
Published for Use in the
WORSHIP HOUR
SUNDAY SCHOOL
EVANGELISTIC SERVICES
YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

and all Christian Religious Exercises

Compiled and Edited
by
ROBERT H. COLEMAN

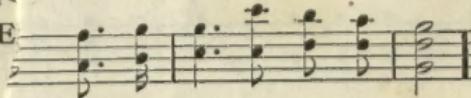
.ous sea;
cean wild;
akers roar

PRICES TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES
rocks and treach'rous shoal;
hou say'st to them "Be still!"

	Express Not Prepaid		while lean-ing on Thy breast,
	Hundred	Dozen	
Full Cloth Board.....	\$40.00	\$5.40	
Regal Leatherette.....	25.00	3.60	

ee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Published by, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

DALLAS, TEXAS



Foreword

PILOT HYMNS has been planned with the prayer that these dear old Standard Hymns and Popular Gospel Songs, including a number of the very choicest new songs, may pilot the multitudes out of the depression of discouragement and doubt into the haven of courageous faith and joyful trust. You will find the music in this book to be good, but the message is better. Even a person who cannot sing will find great pleasure and profit just to sit down and read and meditate upon these poems, many of which are among the most helpful ever written. May they direct you to THE GREAT PILOT is the prayer of

THE EDITOR.

The Doxology

Hundredth.

Genevan Psalter.

God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures.

Praise Him a-bove, ye heaven-ly host; Praise

Holy Ghost. Amen.

OBERT H. COLEMAN, Dallas, Texas.

PILOT HYMNS

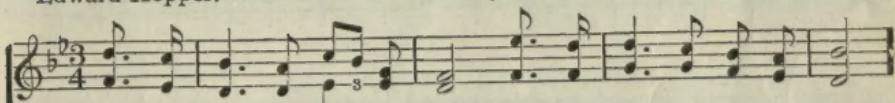
2

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

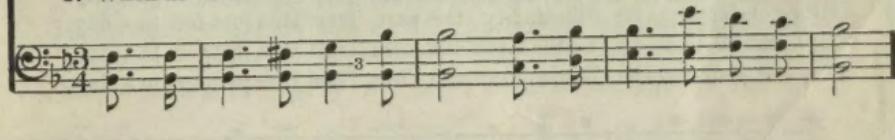
Edward Hopper.

Pilot. 6.7.

J. E. Gould.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes-tuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar



Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

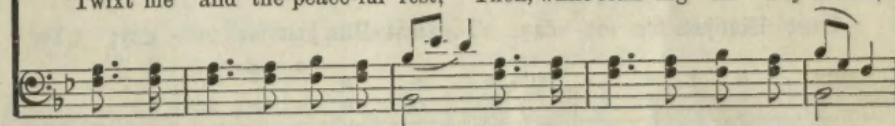
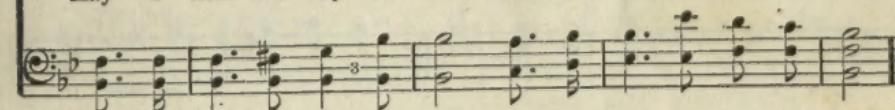


Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Won-drous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."



Trust Him Just for Today.

A. H. A.

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Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. Je - sus has promised your needs to sup - ply, Trust Him just for to - day;
2. Tell Him your troubles, un-bur-den your heart, Trust Him just for to - day;
3. Brave-ly go for-ward what-ev - er the task, Trust Him just for to - day;
4. Then do not fear what to-mor-row may bring, Trust Him just for to - day;

Out of His store-house of rich-es on high, Trust Him just for to - day.
 Grace to o'er-come He will glad-ly im - part, Trust Him just for to - day.
 He will do more for you than you can ask, Trust Him just for to - day.
 He is your Sav - ior, Re-deem-er and King, Trust Him just for to - day.

CHORUS

Trust Him just for to - day, Trust Him just for to - day; For

God is true, He will see you thro', Trust Him just for to-day, for to-day.

Under the Blood.

Words arr. by
B. B. McK.COPYRIGHT, 1934, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
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B. B. McKinney.

1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, I'm un-der the blood of the Lamb;
2. I praise Him for the crim-son flood, I'm un-der the blood of the Lamb;
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, I'm un-der the blood of the Lamb;
4. He walks be - side me all the way, I'm un-der the blood of the Lamb;

I am re-deemed, the price is paid, I'm un-der the blood of the Lamb.
 That rec-on - ciled my soul to God, I'm un-der the blood of the Lamb.
 He gave me peace and joy with-in, I'm un-der the blood of the Lamb.
 And keeps me sing - ing ev 'ry day, I'm un-der the blood of the Lamb.

CHORUS

Un - - der the blood of the Lamb, Un - - der the blood of the Lamb,
 Un - der the blood, Un - der the blood,

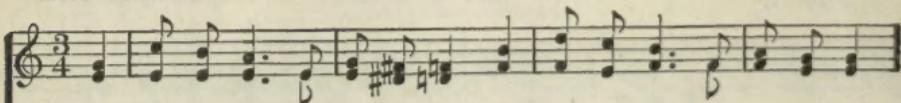
Cleansed and for-giv-en, thank God I am Un-der the blood of the Lamb.

The Name of Jesus.

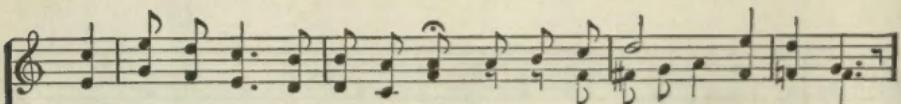
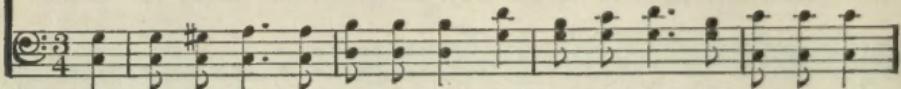
Rev. W. C. Martin.

Renewal secured.

E. S. Lorenz.

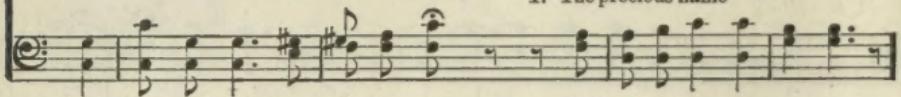


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;



It makes my joys full and com - plete, The precious name of Je - sus.
 Who bids all anx - ious fears de - part—I love the name of Je - sus.
 Its mu - sic dries the fall - en tear: Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
 Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.

1. The precious name



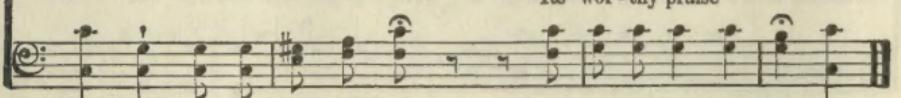
CHORUS.



"Je - sus," O how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;



"Je - sus," let all saints pro - claim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.
 Its wor - thy praise



Give Me Thyself.

A. H. A.

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Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. Give me Thy-self that I may have The spir-it of love tow'r'd all,
2. Give me Thy-self that I may have The faith to be-lieve the best,
3. Give me Thy-self that I may have The knowledge of Thy com-mands,
4. Give me Thy-self that I may have The crowning when life is done,

Car-ing for oth-ers in their need, And help-ing them when they fall.
 Pa-tience to wait un-til the dawn, And strength to en-dure the test.
 Do-ing Thy will and Thine a-lone, In all that Thy law de-mands.
 Com-ing in-to Thy pres-ence, Lord, Thro' Christ having fought and won.

CHORUS

Give me Thy-self, give me Thy-self, Not sil-ver nor gold I plead;

Give me Thy-self, more of Thy-self, Dear Lord, Thou art all I need.

Talk It All Over With Jesus.

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B. B. McK.

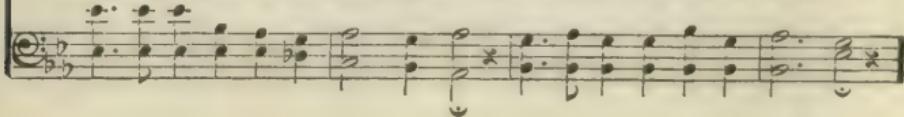
B. B. McKinney.



1. If you are burdened with grief and woe, Talk it all o - ver with Je - sus;
2. When you are tempted and tried by sin, Talk it all o - ver with Je - sus;
3. If you are wea-ry of toil and strife, Talk it all o - ver with Je - sus;
4. Lay your heart o - pen at His dear feet, Talk it all o - ver with Je - sus;



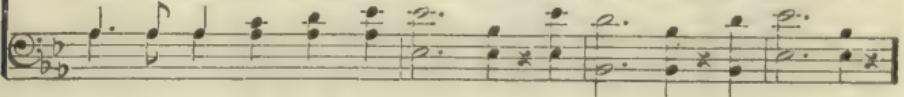
Peace and contentment He will be-stow, Talk it all o - ver with Je - sus.
 O - ver the world He will help you win, Talk it all o - ver with Je - sus.
 If you would master your dai - ly life, Talk it all o - ver with Je - sus.
 Joy you will find "at the mer - cy seat," Talk it all o - ver with Je - sus.



CHORUS.



Talk it all o - ver with Je - sus, With Je - sus, your Sav - ior,



He's waiting so near To comfort and cheer, Talk it all o - ver with Je - sus.



I Surrender All to Thee.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

A musical score for a single melodic line. The key signature is F major (one sharp). The time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note followed by a quarter note, then continues with eighth-note patterns. The melody ends with a cadence on the final note.

1. I sur-ren-der, bless-ed Sav-ior, I have heard Thy ten-der call;
2. I sur-ren-der, bless-ed Sav-ior, Thine for-ev-er-more to be,
3. I sur-ren-der, bless-ed Sav-ior, Sin-ful pleas-ures all may go;
4. I sur-ren-der, bless-ed Sav-ior, Let the cross my glo-ry be;

A musical score for a single melodic line. The key signature is F major (one sharp). The time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The melody continues from the previous section, maintaining the eighth-note patterns and ending with a cadence.

A musical score for a single melodic line. The key signature is F major (one sharp). The time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The melody continues from the previous section, maintaining the eighth-note patterns and ending with a cadence.

To Thy will my heart has yield-ed, I sur-ren-der Thee my all.
 Soul and bod-y on the al-tar, I sur-ren-der all to Thee.
 In Thy will there's joy and glad-ness That the world can nev-er know.
 Fill me with Thy Ho-ly Spir-it, Make me more and more like Thee.

A musical score for a single melodic line. The key signature is F major (one sharp). The time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The melody continues from the previous section, maintaining the eighth-note patterns and ending with a cadence.

CHORUS

A musical score for a single melodic line. The key signature is F major (one sharp). The time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a prominent bass line underneath. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note followed by a quarter note, then continues with eighth-note patterns. The melody ends with a cadence on the final note.

I sur-ren-der all to Thee, . . . I sur-ren-der all to Thee; . . .
 I sur-ren-der all to Thee, I sur-ren-der all to Thee;

A musical score for a single melodic line. The key signature is F major (one sharp). The time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The melody continues from the previous section, maintaining the eighth-note patterns and ending with a cadence.

A musical score for a single melodic line. The key signature is F major (one sharp). The time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The melody continues from the previous section, maintaining the eighth-note patterns and ending with a cadence. The tempo is indicated as "rit." (ritardando) and "tempo" (tempo).

All I am, or ev-er hope to be, I sur-ren-der all to Thee.

A musical score for a single melodic line. The key signature is F major (one sharp). The time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The melody continues from the previous section, maintaining the eighth-note patterns and ending with a cadence.

face to face.

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Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Grant Colfax Tullar.

A musical score for a single melodic line. It consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time (indicated by a '4'). The music features quarter notes and eighth notes, with some rests. The key signature is one flat (B-flat).

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face, how can it be,
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, With the dark-ling veil be - tween;
3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are banished grief and pain!
4. Face to face—O bliss-ful mo - ment! Face to face, to see and know;

A continuation of the musical score from the previous page. It consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time (indicated by a '4'). The music features quarter notes and eighth notes, with some rests. The key signature is one flat (B-flat).

A continuation of the musical score from the previous page. It consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time (indicated by a '4'). The music features quarter notes and eighth notes, with some rests. The key signature is one flat (B-flat).

When with rap-ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ, who died for me?
 But a bless-ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
 When the crook-ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain!
 Face to face with my Re-deem - er, Je - sus Christ, who loves me so.

A continuation of the musical score from the previous page. It consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time (indicated by a '4'). The music features quarter notes and eighth notes, with some rests. The key signature is one flat (B-flat).

CHORUS.

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Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky;....

A continuation of the musical score from the previous page. It consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time (indicated by a '4'). The music features quarter notes and eighth notes, with some rests. The key signature is one flat (B-flat).

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Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

A continuation of the musical score from the previous page. It consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time (indicated by a '4'). The music features quarter notes and eighth notes, with some rests. The key signature is one flat (B-flat).

Blessed be the Name.

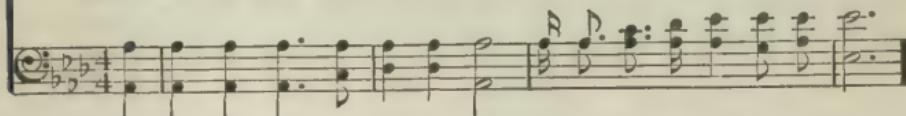
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Charles Wesley.

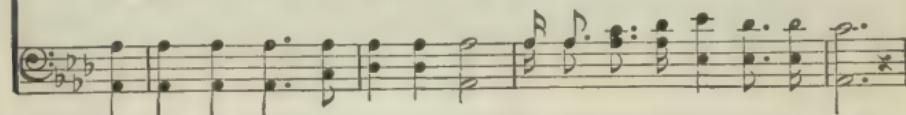
Arr. by B. B. McKinney.



1. O for a thousand tongues to sing; Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je-sus, the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin; Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
4. I nev-er shall for-get that day, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!



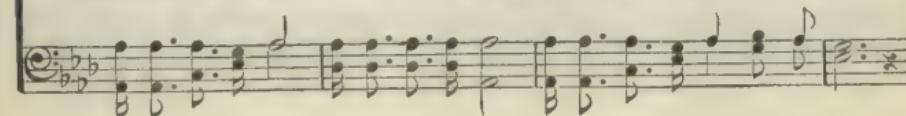
The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
 'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
 His blood can make the foul-est clean, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
 When Je-sus washed my sins a-way, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!



REFRAIN.



Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!



Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!



Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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Homer A. Rodeheaver, Owner.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!



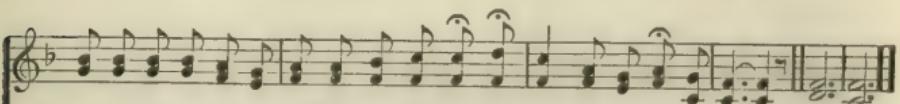
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod - y to - day!
 Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod - y to - day!
 Grief is the por - tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod - y to - day!
 Some one the jour-ney to Heaven should start, Help some-bod - y to - day!



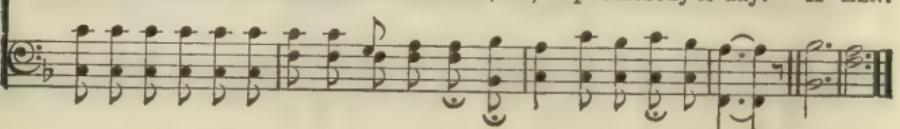
CHORUS.



Help some-bod - y to - day, . . . Some-bod - y a - long life's way; . . . Let
 to-day, home-ward way;



sorrow be ended, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to-day! A - MEN.



Gene Routh.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. I know the Bi - ble was sent from God, The Old, as well as the New;
2. I know the sto - ry of Christ is true, His vir - gin, glo - ri - ous birth,
3. I know the Bi - ble is whol - ly true, For peace it gave me with - in;
4. Tho' foes de - ny with a spir - it bold The mes - sage old, but still new,

In - spired and ho - ly, the liv - ing Word, I know the Bi - ble is true.
 His life, His death, and the o - pen tomb, And His re - turn to the earth.
 It finds me, com-forts me day by day, And gives me vic - t'ry o'er sin.
 Its truth is sweet-er each time 'tis told, I know the Bi - ble is true.

CHORUS.

I know, . . . I know, . . . I know the Bi - ble is true; . . .
 I know, I know, is true;

Di - vine - ly in - spired the whole way thro', I know the Bi - ble is true.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.



1. When you are wea-ry and sore op-prest, When sor-row darkens the day,
2. When strong temptations in you com-bine To lead your footsteps a-stray,
3. Be not dis-cour-aged, but press a-long, And live for Je-sus to-day;
4. Oh, soul in bond-age, why lon-ger roam In sin's un-end-ing dis-may?



Have faith in Je-sus, He know-eth best, And pray your troubles a-way.
 Just go to Je-sus your Friend divine, And pray your troubles a-way.
 He'll turn your sighing in-to a song, And pray your troubles a-way.
 Just trust in Je-sus, He'll lead you home, And pray your troubles a-way.



Just pray your troubles a-way; (a-way;) Just pray your troubles a-way; (a-way;)



Have faith in Je-sus from day to day, And pray your troub-les a-way.



C. D. Martin.

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W. S. Martin.



1. Be not dis - mayed, what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil, when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



Be -neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth-ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wear-y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev -'ry day, O'er all the way;



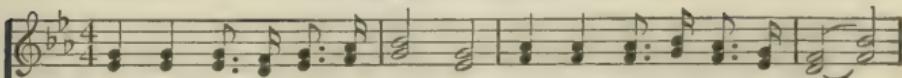
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . A - MEN.
 take care of you.



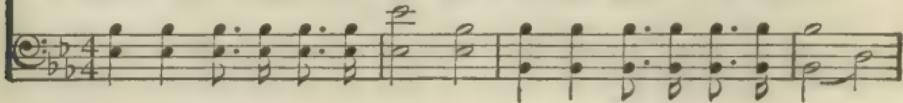
Robert Lowry.

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Robert Lowry.



1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;



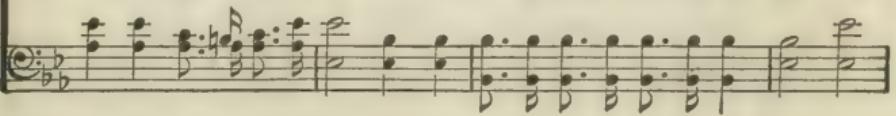
With its crys-tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
 We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv-er With the mel - o - dy of peace.



CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti - ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er,—



Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God. A-MEN.



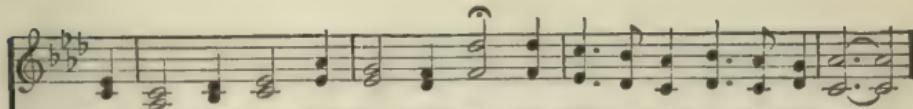
B. B. McK.

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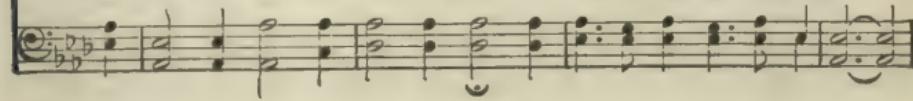
B. B. McKinney.



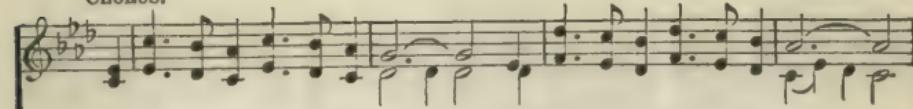
1. While pass-ing thro' this world of sin, And oth - ers your life shall view,
2. Your life's a book be - fore their eyes, They're reading it thro' and thro';
3. What joy 'twill be at set of sun, In man-sions be - yond the blue,
4. Then live for Christ both day and night, Be faith - ful, be brave and true,



Be clean and pure with-out, with - in, Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.
 Say, does it point them to the skies, Do oth - ers see Je - sus in you?
 To find some souls that you have won; Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.
 And lead the lost to life and light; Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.



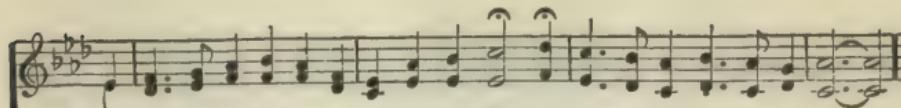
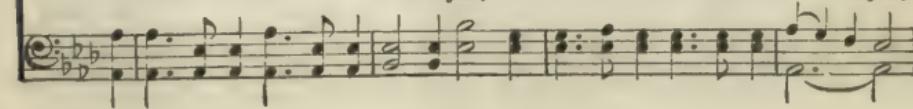
CHORUS.



Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you,..... Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you;

in you,

in you;



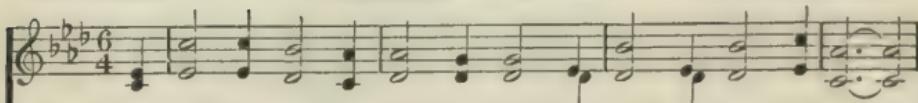
Keep tell-ing the sto-ry, be faithful and true, Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.



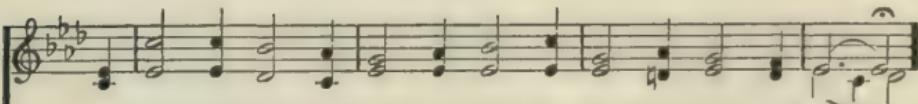
B. B. McK.

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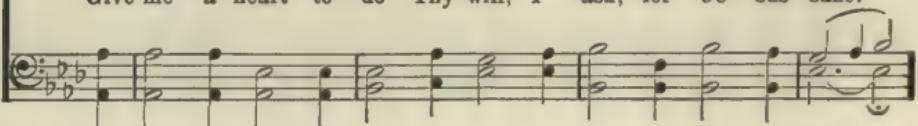
B. B. McKinney.



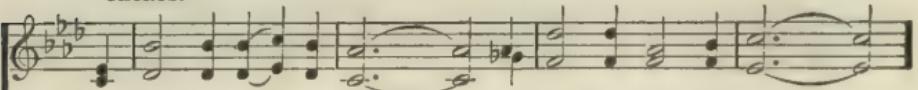
1. Give me a heart like Thine, dear Lord, A heart that's clean and strong,
2. Give me a heart like Thine, dear Lord, A heart of ten - der-ness,
3. Give me a heart like Thine, dear Lord, A heart with lov - ing glow,
4. Give me a heart like Thine, dear Lord, This is the plea I make,



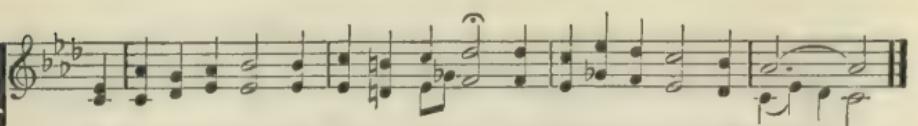
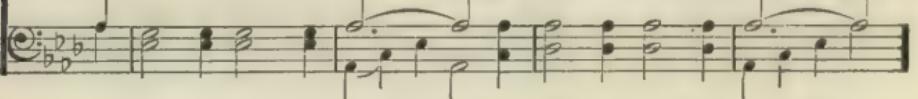
A sun - lit heart with ho - ly zeal, To tri - umph o - ver wrong.
 A heart to feel my broth-er's woe, And lift him from dis - tress.
 That leads a lone - ly sin - sick soul Thy pre - cious love to know.
 Give me a heart to do Thy will, I ask, for Je - sus' sake.



CHORUS.



Give me a heart like Thine, . . . Give me a heart like Thine, . . .
 like Thine, like Thine,



O Mas-ter di-vine, my na-ture re-fine, And give me a heart like Thine . . .
 like Thine,



My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote.

The Solid Rock. L. M. William B. Bradbury.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;



I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
 In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
 When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
 Dressed in His right-eous-ness a - lone, Fault-less to stand be - fore the throne.



REFRAIN.



On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is



sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand. A - MEN.



W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.

Very slow. pp

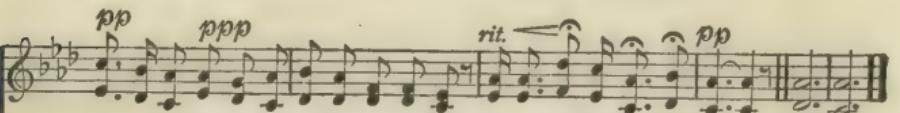
1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



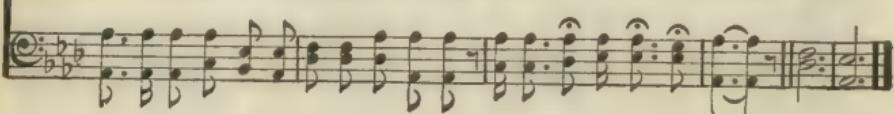
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS. *m*

Come home, . . . come home, . . . Ye who are wear-y, come home; . . .
 Come home, come home,



Earnestly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home! A-MEN.



Love Is the Theme.

To my friend, L. E. Jones.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Albert C. Fisher.

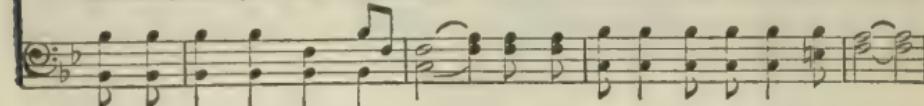
A. C. F.



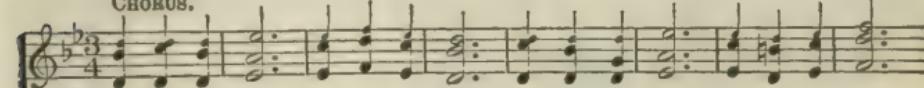
1. Of the themes that men have known, One su-preme-ly stands a - lone;
2. Let the bells of Heav-en ring, Let the saints their trib - u-te bring,
3. Since the Lord my soul un - bound, I am tell - ing all a - round
4. As of old when blind and lame To the bless-ed Mas - ter came,



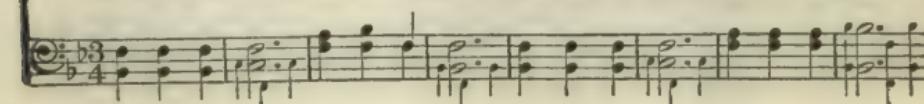
Thro' the a - ges it has shown,—'Tis His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 Let the world true prais-es sing For His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 Par-don, peace and joy are found In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 Sin-ners, call ye on His name,—Trust His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.



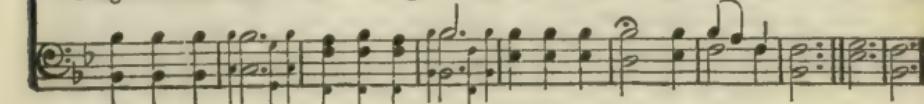
CHORUS.



Love is the theme, Love is su-preme; Sweet-er it grows, Glo-ry be-stows;



Bright as the sun Ev-er it glows! Love is the theme, E-ter-nal theme! A-MEN.



Throw Out the Life-Line.

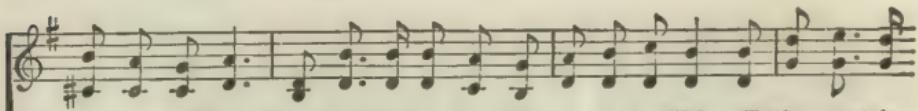
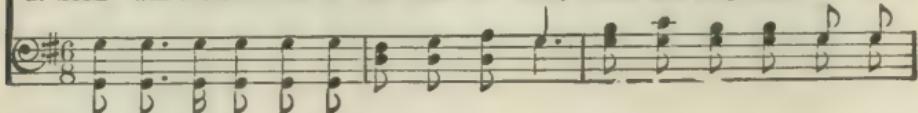
E. S. Ufford.

Edward S. Ufford.

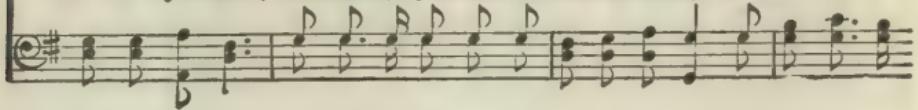
Arr. by George C. Stebbins.



1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-



some one should save; Somebody's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh; has-ten to-day—And out with the you've nev-er been: Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them ter - ni-ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But throw out the



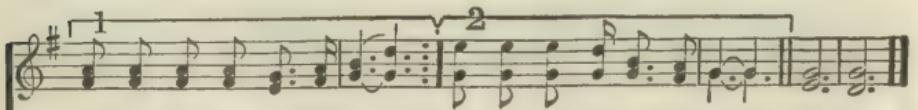
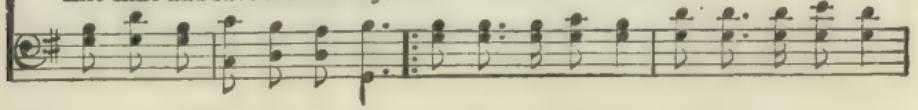
CHORUS.



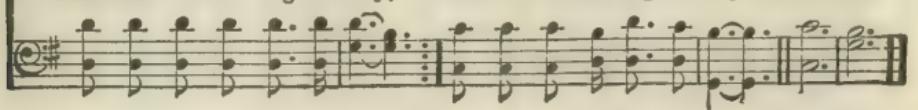
Life-Line, his per - il to share?

Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way! Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! out where the dark wa-ters flow.

Life-Line and save them to-day.



Some one is drift-ing a - way; Some one is sink-ing to-day. A - MEN.



I Am Resolved.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1924, Renewal. James H. Fillmore, Owner. J. H. Fillmore.
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1. I am resolved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's de - light;
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav - ior, Leav - ing my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to fol - low the Sav - ior, Faith - ful and true each day;
4. I am resolved to en - ter the Kingdom, Leav - ing the paths of sin;



Things that are higher, things that are no - bler, These have al-lured my sight.
He is the true One, He is the just One, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth, He is the liv - ing way.
Friends may oppose me, foes may be - set me, Still will I en - ter in.



CHORUS.



I will has - ten to Him, Has - ten so glad and free;
I will has - ten, has - ten to Him, Has - ten so glad and free;



Has - ten glad and free;



Je - sus, Great-est, High-est, I will come to Thee. A-MEN.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

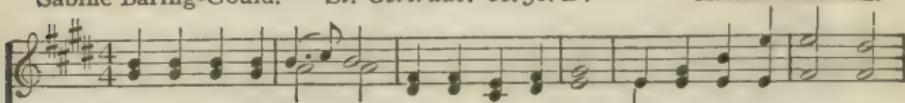


Onward, Christian Soldiers.

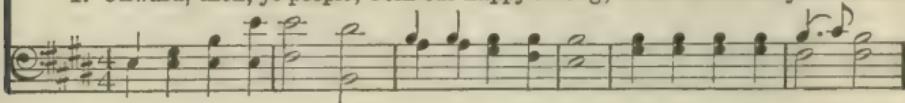
Sabine Baring-Gould.

St. Gertrude. 6s. 5s. D.

Arthur Sullivan.



1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices



Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe;
 On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
 In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, land, and hon - or, Un-to Christ the King;



REFRAIN.



For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banner go!

Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raisel Onward, Christian soldiers,
 One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.

This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.



March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be - fore! A-MEN.



H. G. Spafford.

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P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like
2. Though Sa-tan should buf-fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea - bil - lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
back as a scroll, The trump shall resound and the Lord shall de - scend,

CHORUS.

It is well, it is well with my soul.

And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . . with my
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

“E - ven so”—it is well with my soul.

It is well

soul, . . . It is well, it is well with my soul. A-MEN.
with my soul,

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE.
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William H. Doane.

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mand s it; Strength for thy la - bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en, child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen - tly, grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness, Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient-ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan - d'r a Sav - ior has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A-MEN.

S. O'Maley Cluff.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
 2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splen-dent in white-ness, A - wait-ing in
 4. When Je-sus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing

Sav - ior, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten - der-ness
 ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
 glo - ry my won - der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin - ing in
 Sav - ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to

f CHORUS.

o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav - ior too!
 heav - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
 brightness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv-ing one too!
 glo - ry, And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm praying for you.

G. M. J.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. Oh, what a Sav - ior, that He died for me! From con - demn -
 2. All my in - iq - ui - ties on Him were laid. All my in -
 3. Tho' poor and need - y, I can trust my Lord; Tho' weak and
 4. Tho' all un - wor - thy, yet I will not doubt, For him that

na - tion He hath made me free; "He that be - liev - eth on the
 debt - ed - ness by Him was paid; All who be - lieve on Him, the
 sin - ful, I be - lieve His word; O glad mes - sage! ev - 'ry
 com - eth, He will not cast out; "He that be - liev - eth," oh, the

CHORUS

Son," saith He, "Hath ev - er - last - ing life." Lord hath said, "Hath ev - er - last - ing life." He that be - liev - eth on the child of God "Hath ev - er - last - ing life." goodnews shout, "Hath ev - er - last - ing life."

Son of God, The Son of God, The Son of God, He that be -
 liev - eth on the Son of God Hath ev - er - last - ing life.

Higher Ground.

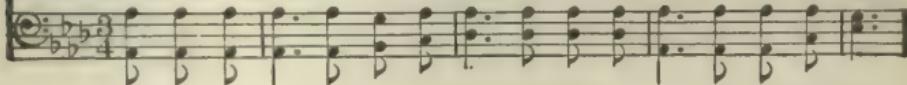
Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



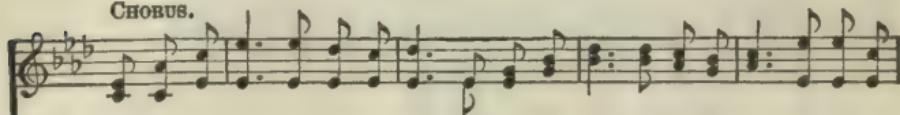
1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'-ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;



Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
 But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land, A high-er



plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground. A - MEN.



The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
RENEWAL, H. L. GILMOUR, OWNER.

George D. Moore.

A musical score for four voices. The top two staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the bottom two are in common time with a key signature of one flat (indicated by a 'F#'). The vocal parts are labeled 'H. L. Gilmour.' and 'George D. Moore.'

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So bur-dened with
2. I yield-ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And, faith tak-ing
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
4. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient-ly waits, To save by His

Continuation of the musical score for four voices, maintaining the same time signatures and key signatures as the first section.

Continuation of the musical score for four voices, maintaining the same time signatures and key signatures as the previous sections.

- sin and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice,"
 hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I an - chored my soul:
 sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so - ev - er will have
 pow-er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the ha - ven of rest,

Continuation of the musical score for four voices, maintaining the same time signatures and key signatures as the previous sections.

D. S.—*The tem - pest may sweep o'er the wild storm-y deep,*

CHORUS.

A musical score for four voices. The top two staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the bottom two are in common time with a key signature of one flat (indicated by a 'F#'). The vocal parts are labeled 'H. L. Gilmour.' and 'George D. Moore.'

- And I en - tered the ha - ven of rest.
 The ha - ven of rest is my Lord. I've an - chored my
 A home in the ha - ven of rest.
 And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."

Continuation of the musical score for four voices, maintaining the same time signatures and key signatures as the previous sections.

In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

D.S.

Continuation of the musical score for four voices, maintaining the same time signatures and key signatures as the previous sections.

- soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

Continuation of the musical score for four voices, maintaining the same time signatures and key signatures as the previous sections.

Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts.

Antioch. C. M.

George F. Handel.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
 2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
 3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the



ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
 songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
 fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow
 na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness,



And Heav'n and na - ture sing,
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy,
 Far as the curse is found,
 And won - ders of His love,
 And Heav'n and na - ture sing, And

And Heav'n and na - ture
 Re - peat the sound - ing
 Far as the curse is
 And won - ders of His
 And Heav'n and na - ture sing, And



sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n and na - ture sing.
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 love, And won - ders, and won - ders of His love. A - MEN.
 Heav'n and na - ture sing,

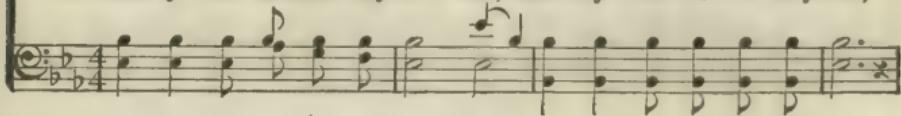


Anonymous.

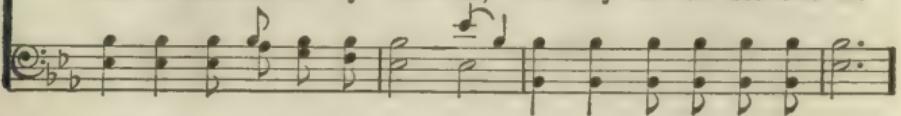
Shepherd. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. William B. Bradbury.



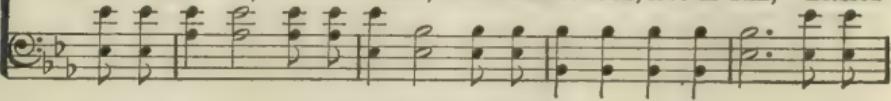
1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guard-ian of our way;
3. Thou hast prom-ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;



In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
 Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:
 Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
 Bless-ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos - oms fill:



Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Blessed
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear the children when they pray; Blessed
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee; Blessed
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still; Blessed



Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear the chil-dren when they pray.
 Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
 Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still. A - MEN.



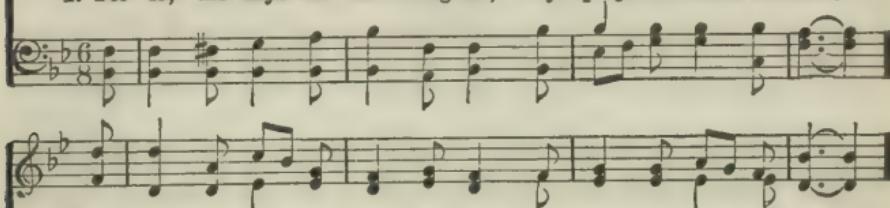
Edmund H. Sears.

Carol. C. M. D.

Richard S. Willis.



1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - ri-ous song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled,
3. And ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
4. For lo, the days are has-t'ning on, By proph-et bards fore-told,



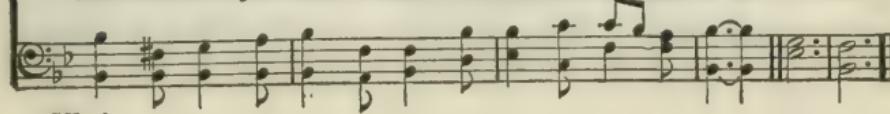
From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world:
Who toil a - long the climb-ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,
When with the ev - er - cir-cling years Comes round the age of gold;



"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From Heav'n's all-gracious King:" The
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov -'ring wing, And
Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift-ly on the wing: O
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an- cient splen-dors fling, And



world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless-ed an - gels sing.
rest be - side the wear - y road, And hear the an - gels sing.
the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing. A - MEN.



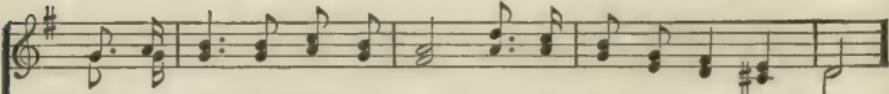
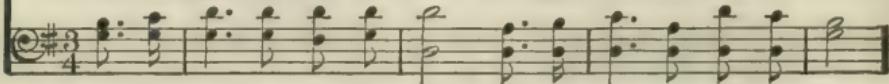
John Newton.

Sabbath. 7s.

Lowell Mason.



1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for par-d'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy pres-ence near;
4. May Thy gos-pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin-ners, com-fort saints;



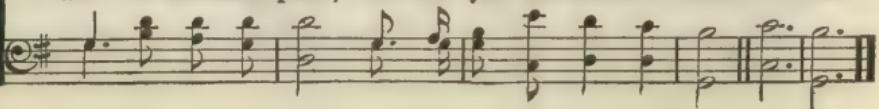
Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day;
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face; Take a - way our sin and shame:
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints:



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest: Day of
 From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee: From our
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast: Here af -
 Thus may all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove: Thus may



all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
 ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
 all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove. A - MEN.



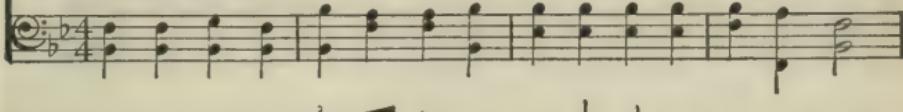
Charles Wesley.

Love Divine. 8s. 7s. D.

John Zundel.



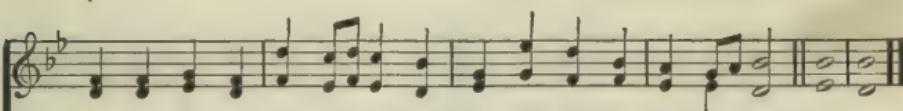
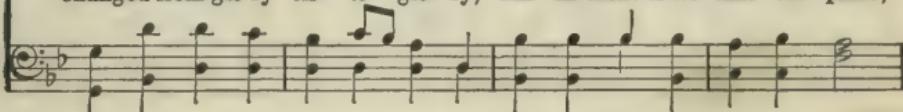
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al-might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
 Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave:
 Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per-fect - ly re - stored in Thee:



Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
 Take a - way our bent to sin-ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
 Thee we would be al - ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
 Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in Heav'n we take our place,



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
 End of faith, as its be-gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise. A - MEN.



America the Beautiful.

Katherine Lee Bates.

Materna. C. M. D.

Samuel A. Ward.

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years

For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
 A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
 Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer - cy more than lifel
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears!

A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal God shed His grace on thee,
 A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
 A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal May God thy gold re - fine,
 A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing seal
 Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 Till all suc-cess be no - ble-ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing seal A-MEN.

36 The Morning Light is Breaking.

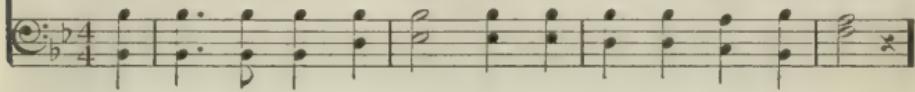
S. F. Smith.

Webb. 7s. 6s. D.

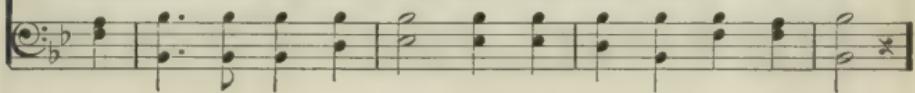
G. J. Webb.



1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur-sue thine on - ward way;
4. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gen - tle show'r,



The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
 And thou-sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
 Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich-ness stay;
 And bright-er scenes be - fore us Are ope - ning ev - 'ry hour;



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti-dings from a - far, Of
 While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The Gos-pel's call o - bey, And
 Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um-phant reach their home; Stay
 Each cry to Heav-en go - ing, A - bun-dant an - swer brings, And



na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war
 seek a Sav-ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
 not till all the ho - ly Pro-claim, "The Lord is come!"
 heav'nly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings. A - MEN.



37 Crown Him With Many Crowns.

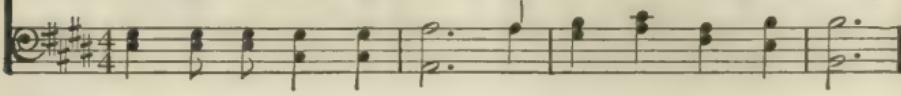
Matthew Bridges.

Diademata. S. M. D.

George J. Elvey.



1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who tri - umphed o'er the grave;
4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,



Hark! how the heav'n-ly an-them drowns All mu-sic but its own!
 Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau-ty glo - ri - fied:
 Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save:
 One with the Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yon-der glo-rious throne!



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And
 No an - gel in the sky Can full - y bear that sight, But
 His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high; Who
 To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died; Be



hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
 down-ward bends his wond'ring eye At mys-ter - ies so bright.
 died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
 Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied. A-MEN.



A Mighty Fortress.

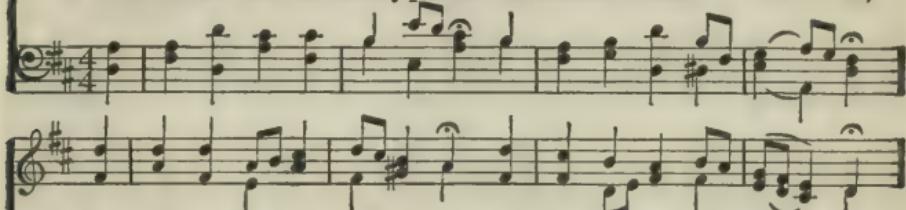
M. L.

Ein' Feste Burg. P. M.

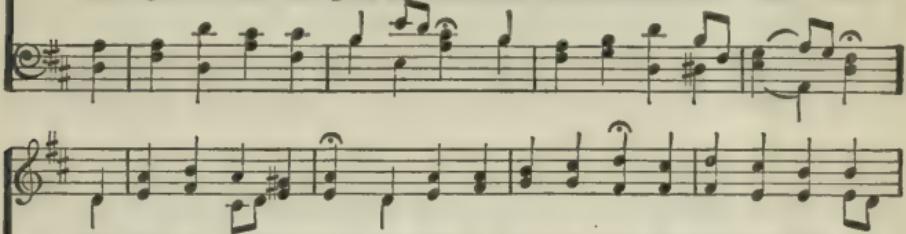
Martin Luther.



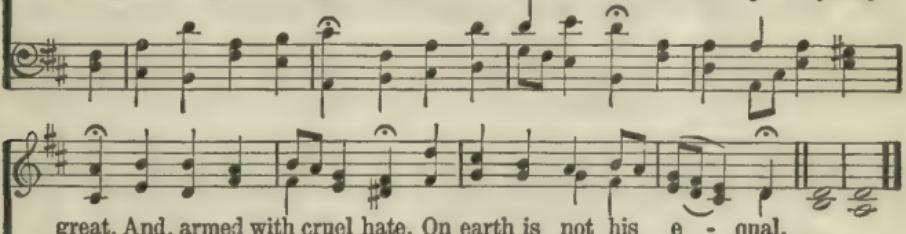
1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;
 2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing,
 3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,
 4. That word a - bove all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a - bid - eth;



Our help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing.
 Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing.
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph thro' us.
 The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.



For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His
 The prince of darkness grim—We tremble not for him; His rage we can en-
 Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al - so; The bod - y they may



great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
 name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
 dure, For lo! his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.
 kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er. A-MEN.



Elizabeth C. Clephane.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold,
 2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not enough for Thee?"
 3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the waters crossed;
 4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?"
 5. But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riv'n, And up from the rock-y steep,

But one was out on the hills a - way, Far - off from the gates of
 But the Shep-herd made answer: "This of Mine Has wan-dered a - way from
 Nor how dark wasthe night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was
 'They were shed for one who had gone a-stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him
 There a-rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found My

gold— A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A-way from the
 Me, And al - tho' the road be rough and steep, I go to the
 lost. Out in the des - ert He heard its cry— Sick and
 back." "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They're pierced to-
 sheep!" And the an - gels ech-ued a-round the throne, "Re-joice, for the

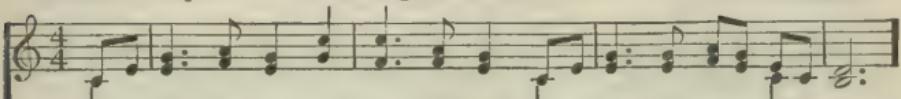
ten - der Shepherd's care, A-way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care.
 des-ert to find My sheep, I go to the des-ert to find My sheep." "helpless, and ready to die; Sick and helpless, and read-y to die.
 night by man-y a thorn; They're pierced to-night by man-y a thorn." "Lord brings back His own! Re - joice, for the Lord brings back His own."

There is a fountain.

William Cowper.

Cleansing Fountain. C. M.

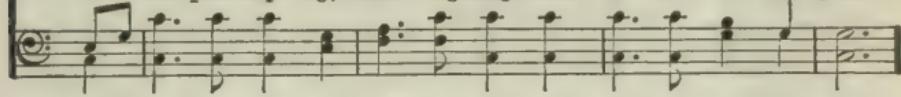
Lowell Mason.



1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man - uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



And sin - ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains:
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way:
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more:
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
 When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave:



Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains; And
 Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way; And
 Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re -
 Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave; When



sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave. A-MEN.



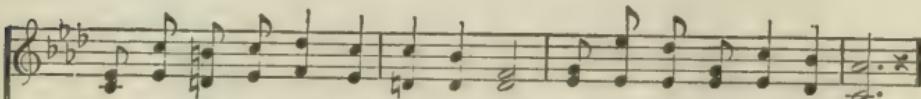
L. B. B.

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

L. B. Bridgers.



1. There's within my heart a mel-o-dy Je-sus whis-pers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich-es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri-als fall a-cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star-ry sky;



Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.
 Je-sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
 Al-ways look-ing on His smil-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
 Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
 I shall wing my flight to worlds un-known, I shall reign with Him on high.



CHORUS.



Je-sus, Je-sus, Je-sus,— Sweet-est name I know,



Fills my ev-'ry long-ing, Keeps me sing-ing as I go. A-MEN.



C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je-sus the Naz-a-rene,
 2. For me it was in the gar-den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
 3. In pit-y an-gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
 4. He took my sins and my sor-rows, He made them His ver-y own;
 5. When with the ransomed in glo-ry His face I at last shall see,

And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned, un-clean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
 To com-fort Him in the sor-rows He bore for my soul that night.
 He bore the bur-den to Cal-v'ry, And suf-fered, and died a - lone.
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a- ges To sing of His love for me.

CHORUS.

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev-er be:
 Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-full

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-iор's love for me! A-MEN.
 Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful

W. W. Hamilton.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. When sin-stricken, burdened and wea-ry, From bondage I longed to be free,
 2. Tho' tempt-ed and sad - ly dis-cour-aged, My soul to this ref-uge will flee,
 3. My bark may be tossed by the tem-pest That sweeps o'er the tur-bu-lent sea;
 4. When life here on earth is all o - ver, When Je-sus, my Sav - ior, I see,

There came to my heart the sweet message, "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."
 And rest in the bless-ed as - sur-ance, "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."
 A rain-bow il - lu-mines the dark-ness, "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."
 I'll know as I dwell in His pres-ence, "His grace is suf - fi - cient for me."

CHORUS

His grace is suf - fi - cient for me, . . . His grace is suf -
 His grace is suf - fi - cient, suf - fi - cient for me, His grace is suf -

fi - cient for me; . . . In shad - y green pas - tures or
 fi - cien, suf - fi - cien for me;

on the rough sea, His grace is suf - fi - cien for me.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. The Spir-it of Je-sus bears wit-ness with mine That I've been re - deemeed;
 2. I have a new song in my heart ev - 'ry day Since I've been re - deemeed;
 3. I'll sing of His mer-cy, I'll sing of His grace, Since I've been re - deemeed;
 4. I have a new home in the king-dom on high, Since I've been re - deemeed;

Se-cure-ly I rest in His grace di-vine, Since I've been re - deemeed.
 I walk with the King in the "straight,narrow way," Since I've been re - deemeed.
 I dwell in the light of His rec-on-ciled face, Since I've been re - deemeed.
 I'll en - ter its courts in the sweet by and by, Since I've been re - deemeed.

CHORUS

I've been re - deemeed, I've been re - deemeed, By mar - vel - ous
 re-deemed, re-deemed,

grace di-vine, I've been re-deemeed; I've been re-deemeed, I've been re -
 deemeed,

deemed, His Spir-it bears wit-ness with mine, That I've been re - deemeed.
 re-deemed,

J. E. Rankin, D.D.

PROPERTY OF E. S. LORENZ.

E. S. Lorenz.

A musical score for a single verse. It consists of two staves of music in common time (indicated by a '4'). The top staff uses a bass clef, and the bottom staff uses a treble clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The lyrics for the first verse are:

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y - heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath -'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troub - led at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y - heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus,
 3. Do you fear the gath -'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
 4. Are you troub - led at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Continuation of the musical score for the first verse, showing the next section of the melody.

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to men's eyes are hid - den?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
 Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's com - ing King - dom are you sigh - ing?

Continuation of the musical score for the first verse, showing the next section of the melody.

CHORUS

A musical score for the chorus of the song. It consists of two staves of music in common time (indicated by a '4'). The top staff uses a bass clef, and the bottom staff uses a treble clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The lyrics for the chorus are:

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

Continuation of the musical score for the chorus, showing the next section of the melody.

He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

Continuation of the musical score for the chorus, showing the next section of the melody.

such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

Continuation of the musical score for the chorus, showing the final section of the melody.

Prayer Changes Things

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. When the dark shad-ows come o - ver you, Bring-ing troubles you nev - er knew,
2. Prayer will bring peace when the days are long, Turn your sighing in - to a song,
3. Pray for the wan-der - er at your door, Pray for lost ones the wide world o'er;
4. Pray and take courage thro' weal or woe, In life's bat-tles on earth be - low;

Trust in the Sav - ior and pray it thro', For prayer chang - es things.
 It will bring vic - to - ry o - ver wrong, For prayer chang - es things.
 Je - sus will save them for-ev - er - more, For prayer chang - es things.
 Pray with a faith that will not let go, For prayer chang - es things.

CHORUS

Prayer chang - es things, . . . Prayer chang - es things, . . .
 chang - es things, chang - es things,

When the world is cold and blue, Trust in Je - sus, pray it through,

Vic - to - ry will come to you, For prayer chang - es things.

Living for Jesus.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. Liv-ing for Je-sus, Sav-i-or and King, Un-der His ban-ner,
 2. Liv-ing for Je-sus, dy-ing to sin, Thrilled with His Spir-it
 3. Liv-ing for Je-sus, seek-ing His face, Just a weak ves-sel
 4. Liv-ing for Je-sus all of my days, Tell-ing the sto-ry,

un-der His wing. Pledged to His serv-ice, I would be true, Faith-ful and
 dwell-ing with-in, Charms of the world have fad-ed and died. I am now
 saved by His grace. Will-ing to suf-fer sor-row and loss That I may
 sing-ing His praise, "Seek-ing the lost ones stray-ing a-far. Leading them

CHORUS

loy-al all the way through.
 owned by Him cru-ci-fied. Liv-ing for Je-sus, liv-ing for
 fol-low un-der the cross.
 to the Bright Morning Star."

Je-sus, Lost in His good-ness, lost in His love, Read-y to

fol-low where He shall call, Liv-ing for Je-sus, He is my all.

I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

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1. I must tell Je-sus all of my tri-als; I can-not bear these
 2. I must tell Je-sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-i-or, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e-vil al-lures me! O how my heart is

bur-dens a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me;
 pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de-liv-er,
 bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je-sus, I must tell Je-sus;
 tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je-sus, and He will help me

CHORUS.

He ev-er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troub-les quick-ly an end. I must tell Je-sus!
 He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
 O-ver the world the vic-t'ry to win.

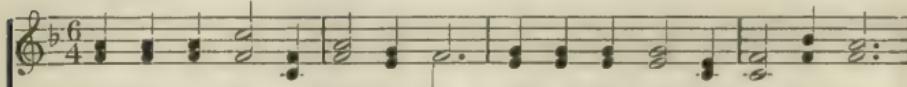
I must tell Je-sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell

Je-sus! I must tell Je-sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone. A-MEN.

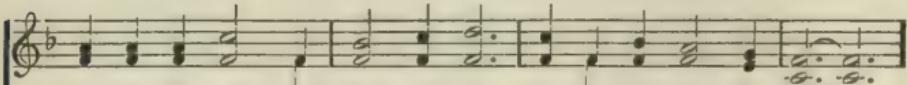
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B. B. McK.

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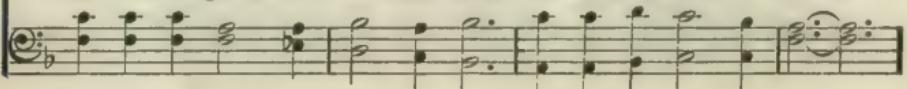
B. B. McKinney.



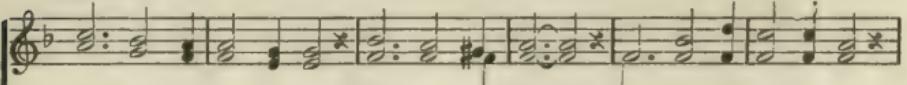
1. I would be true, dear Lord, to Thee, Friend of man-kind, who died for me,
2. In the glad morn-ing of my day, My life to give, my vows to pay,
3. I would live ev - er in the light, I would work ev - er for the right,
4. I would be true in ev - 'ry test, Giv - ing, dear Lord, my ver - y best,



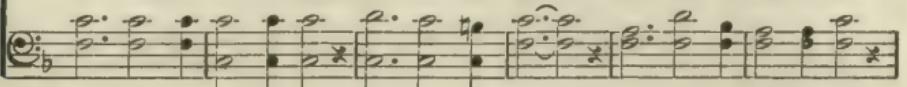
Yield-ed to Thee, Thine own to be, I would be true to Thee.
Glad-ly I fol - low all the way, I would be true to Thee.
Serv-ing Thee, Lord, with all my might, I would be true to Thee.
Till I shall greet e - ter-nal rest, I would be true to Thee.



CHORUS



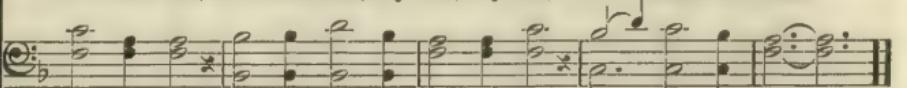
I would be true to Thee, I would be true, In all I say, dear Lord,



In all I do, True to Thee when Thou shalt call; True to Thee what-



e'er be - fall, True to Thee, my life, my all, I would be true.



Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. I want Je - sus in my heart To pur - i - fy loves that are there;
2. I want Je - sus in my life, His wisdom, His courage, His grace;
3. I want Je - sus by my side, When thro' the dark valley I go;
4. I want Je - sus at the end, When life's weary road I have trod;

I want Je - sus to im-part The spir - it of un-fail-ing pray'r.
 I want Je - sus in the strife, None oth - er can e'er take His place.
 I want Je - sus as my guide, When tempted and tried by my foe.
 I want Je - sus as my friend, When I stand at last be-fore God.

CHORUS.

I want Je - sus, my need He sup - plies; I want

Je - sus, for He sat - is - fies; To Him I am turn - ing, With

in - fi - nite yearning; I want Je - sus! Je - sus a - lone.

Have Faith In God.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. Have faith in God when your path-way is lone-ly, He sees and
 2. Have faith in God when your prayers are un-an-swered, Your ear-nest
 3. Have faith in God in your pain and your sor-row, His heart is
 4. Have faith in God though all else fail a-bout you; Have faith in

knows all the way you have trod; Nev-er a-lone are the
 plea He will nev-er for-get; Wait on the Lord, trust His
 touched with your grief and de-spair; Cast all your cares and your
 God, He pro-vides for His own; He can-not fail though all

least of His chil-dren; Have faith in God, have faith in God.
 Word and be pa-tient; Have faith in God. He'll an-swer yet.
 bur-dens up-on Him, And leave them there, oh, leave them there.
 king-doms shall per-ish, He rules, He reigns up-on His throne.

CHORUS

Have faith in God, He's on His throne; Have faith in God, He watcheth o'er His own;
 He can-not fail, He must pre-vail; Have faith in God, have faith in God.

The Old Rugged Cross.

G. B.

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Rev. Geo. Bennard.

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won - drous
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re-

suf-fring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
 beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
 proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
 To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry. So I'll cher - ish the old rug-ged
 To par-don and sanc-ti - fy me. Where His glo-ry for - ev - er I'll share. cross, the

cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rug-ged cross,

old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. Keep a glad song sing-ing in your heart each day; Man - y souls are
 2. Sing a song of glad-ness ev -'ry -where you go; Help some-one the
 3. Sing a song of glad-ness when the clouds are near; Sing a song of
 4. Sing a song of Je - sus to your friend in need; Sing a song of

wea - ry on their lone-ly way; You may lift their burden, bid their gloom depart;
 bright-er side of life to know; Ev -'ry deed of kindness God will sure-ly bless;
 glad-ness when the way is drear; Sweeter joys and blessings will come back to you;
 Je - sus, He's a Friend in-deed; Songs of His redemption drive the clouds a-way;

CHORUS

Keep a glad song sing-ing in your heart.

He will crown your life with hap-pi - ness. Keep a glad song sing-ing in your
 Gold-en sun-beams will come shining thro'.

Turn the dark-ness in - to bright-est day. Keep a glad song sing-ing,

heart, Keep a glad song sing-ing in your heart;
 sing-ing in your heart, Keep a glad song sing-ing, sing-ing in your heart;

Tho' foes as-sail you, God will not fail you, Keep a glad song singing in your heart.

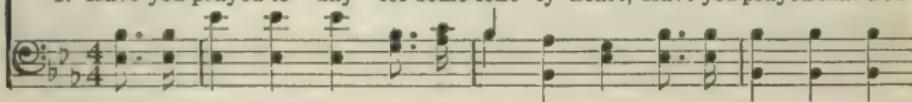
B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.



1. Have you prayed to - day in the se - cret place, Have you knelt a - lone
2. Have you prayed to - day, have you read His Word, Has your soul com-muned
3. Did you pray to - day when temp-ta-tion came, Did you call on Him
4. Have you prayed to - day for some lone-ly heart, Have you prayed that God



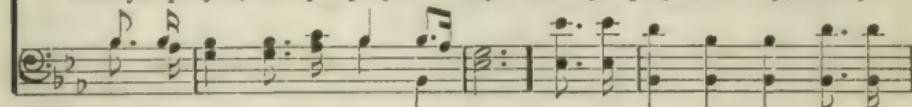
at the throne of grace; Did you lin - ger there at the place of praye,
with the bless - ed Lord; Have you felt His pow'r in that sa - cred hour,
in the Sav - ior's name, Did you con - quer sin and the vic - t'ry win,
would His peace im - part, Did you in - ter - cede for your friend in need,



CHORUS



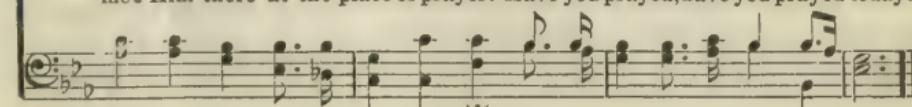
Have you prayed, have you prayed to - day? Have you prayed to - day, have you



prayed to - day? Have you turned a - side from your work or play? Have you



met Him there at the place of prayer? Have you prayed, have you prayed today?



Martha Annis.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. There's a road di - vine by the foot of the cross, It's the way that the
 2. On a rug - ged cross by the side of the road, Christ the dear Lamb of
 3. Ev - 'ry soul must go by the way of the cross, It's the way to the
 4. I will trav - el on, up the "strait, narrow way," In the path where the

Sav - ior trod; And it leads a - lone to the cit - y a - bove,
 God hath died; And the old cross points to the beau - ti - ful land,
 ut - most height; Where they need no sun, where no storms ev - er come,
 saints have trod; And some day I'll come to the end of the road,

CHORUS

In the beau - ti - ful hills of God. . . .
 Where the saints of the Lord a - bide. . . . The road by the cross leads
 In the cit - y of end - less light. . . .
 There I'll rest at the throne of God. . . .

home, . . . The road by the cross leads home; . . . There's no
 leads home,

oth - er way to e - ter - nal day, The road by the cross leads home.

56 Moment By Moment I Need Thee.

Martha Annis.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. Mo-ment by mo-ment I need Thee, Precious Friend di-vine; Mo-moment by
 2. Mo-ment by mo-ment I need Thee, Thou my all in all; Mo-moment by
 3. Mo-ment by mo-ment I need Thee In temp-ta-tion's hour; Mo-moment by
 4. Mo-ment by mo-ment I need Thee, Need Thee as my song; Mo-moment by

mo-ment I need Thee In this heart of mine; Thou hast led me ev - er,
 mo-ment I need Thee, Lest I faint and fall; I am weak and help-less,
 mo-ment I need Thee, Need Thy keep-ing pow'r; Let my soul up-lift - ed.
 mo-ment I need Thee, Help me to be strong; In Thy se - cret pres - ence

Still my ref-uge be; Je-sus, my lov-ing Sav - ior, A - bide with me.
 Thou my strength must be; Je-sus, my lov-ing Sav - ior, A - bide with me.
 Cling by faith to Thee; Je-sus, my lov-ing Sav - ior, A - bide with me.
 Let my dwell-ing be; Je-sus, my lov-ing Sav - ior, A - bide with me.

CHORUS

Mo - ment by mo - ment, Mo - ment by mo - ment I need Thee;

Mo - ment by mo - ment, Sav - ior, a - bide with me.

Words adapted
by B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.



1. When Mo - ses and the Is - rael - ites From E-gypt's land did flee, Be-
2. When Dan - iel, faith - ful to his God, Would not bow down to men, And
3. When Da - vid and Go - li - ath met, The wrong a - gainst the right, The
4. When Pen - te - cost had ful - ly come, And fire from heav'n did fall, The



hind them were proud Pharaoh's host, In front of them the sea; God raised the water
by God's en - e-mies were hurled In - to the li - on's den, God shut the li - on's
gi - ant arm with hu-man pow'r And David with God's might, God's pow'r with David's
Ho - ly Ghost with mighty pow'r Baptized them one and all; Three thousand were con-



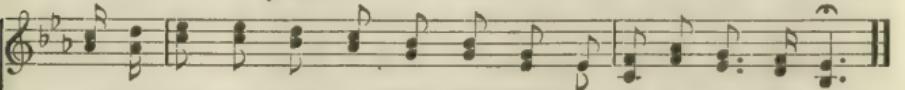
like a wall, And o - pened up the way; And the God that lived in Mo - ses' time
mouths, we read, And robbed them of their prey; And the God that lived in Dan - iel's time
sling and stone The gi - ant low did lay; And the God that lived in Da - vid's time
vert - ed and Were soldiers right away; And the God that lived at Pen - te - cost



CHORUS



Is just the same to-day. He's just the same to-day, He's just the same to-day;



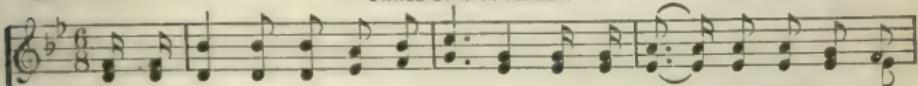
Yes, the God that lived in { Mo - ses' time
Dan - iel's time
Da - vid's time
Pen - te - cost } Is just the same to-day.



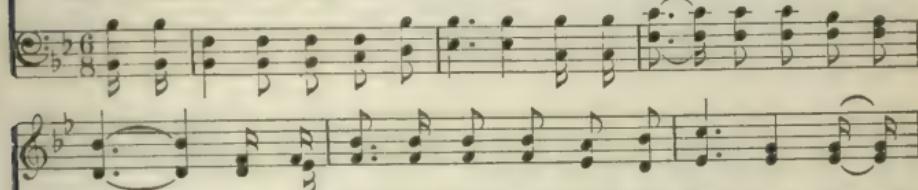
H. G. S.

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H. G. Smyth.

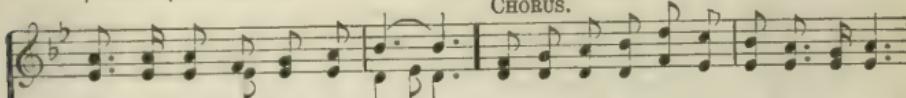


1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God flow-ing thro'
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you burdened for those that are
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai-ly tell-ing for
4. We can-not be chan-nels of bless-ing If our lives are not free from all



you? . . . Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav-ior? Are you
lost? . . . Have you urged up-on those who are stray-ing, The
Him? . . . Have you spo-ken the word of sal-va-tion To
sin; . . . We will bar-ri-ers be and a hin-drance To

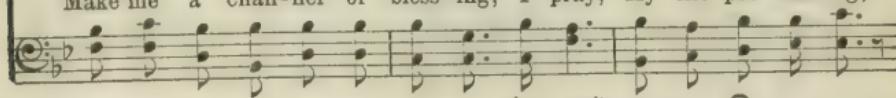
CHORUS.



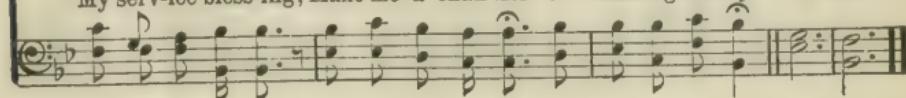
read-y His ser-vice to do?
Sav-ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
those who are dy-ing in sin?
those we are try-ing to win.



Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos-sess-ing,



rit.
My serv-ice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day. A-MEN.



B. M. L.

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Bertha Mae Lillenas.



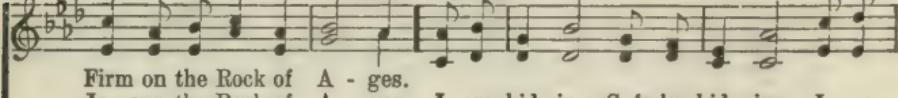
1. I have found a Rock in a wea-ry land, I have found cool springs 'mid the
2. From the drifting sands that a-bout me fly, I am safe-ly kept on this
3. 'Mid the stormy gales that a-round me beat, This e-ter-nal Rock is a
4. Let the things of earth vanish and be gone, Let my fond-est hopes per-ish



des - ert sand, And my heart sings for joy, for my feet now stand
 ref - uge high; Here my needs are all met from a full sup - ply,
 safe re - treat; Here the cool, sparkling streams 'mid the burning heat
 one . by one; In Thy cleft I shall hide till the morn shall dawn,



CHORUS.



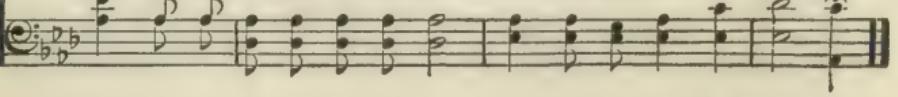
Firm on the Rock of A - ges.
 Je - sus, the Rock of A - ges. I am hid - ing, Safe-ly hid - ing, I am
 Flow from the Rock of A - ges.
 Je - sus, Thou Rock of A - ges.



hid-ing in the shad-ow of the Rock; . . . When the rag-ing tem-pests
 rift - ed Rock;



blow, To my ref-uge I will go, Je - sus, the Rock of A - ges.



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B. B. McK.

B. B. McKinney.

1. It's the on - ly message God has giv - en To the sin - ner lost, con -
 2. It's the Fa-ther's on - ly rev - e - la - tion Of the Christ who came of
 3. It's the Truth of God with-out an er - ror. It shall stand for - ev - er
 4. This old world is dy - ing for its mes-sage. Heathen lands are grop - ing

demned to die; It's the on - ly guide from sin and sor - row To that
 low - ly birth; How He suf-fered, died, a - rose, as-cend - ed, How some
 and for aye; All its scoff - ing foes shall fail and per - ish. It will
 in the night; Christ the Mas - ter call - eth thee, oh, Christ-i-an, Bear a -

CHORUS.

bless - ed home be-yond the sky.
 day He's com-ing back to earth. Dear old Bi - ble, Precious Bi - ble,
 nev - er, nev - er pass a - way.
 loft the ev - er - last-ing light.

Ev - 'ry word by in - spi - ra - tion giv - en; Dear old Bi - ble,

Pre - cious Bi - ble, Bless - ed guide that leads us on to heav - en.

Isaac Watts.

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R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz-ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
 When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the
 bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, (rolled away,) It was there by faith
 I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day! A-MEN.

G. A. Y.

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G. A. Young.

1. In shad - y, green pas-tures, so rich and so sweet, God leads His dear
2. Sometimes on the mount where the sun shines so bright, God leads His dear
3. Tho' sor-rows be - fall us, and Sa - tan op - pose, God leads His dear
4. A - way from the mire, and a - way from the clay, God leads His dear

chil-dren a - long; Where the wa-ter's cold flow bathes the wea-ry one's feet,
 chil-dren a - long; Some - times in the val - ley in the dark-est of night,
 chil-dren a - long; Through grace we can con-quer, de -feat all our foes,
 chil-dren a - long; A - - way up in glo - ry, e - ter - ni-ty's day,

CHORUS

God leads His dear chil-dren a - long. Some thro' the waters, some thro' the flood,

Some thro' the fire, but all thro' the Blood; Some thro' great sor - row, but

rit.

God gives a song, In the night sea - son and all the day long.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.



1. Have you failed in your plan of your storm-tossed life? Place your hand in the
2. Are you walk-ing a - lone thro' the shad - ows dim? Place your hand in the
3. Would you fol - low the will of the ris - en Lord? Place your hand in the
4. Is your soul bur-dened down with its load of sin? Place your hand in the



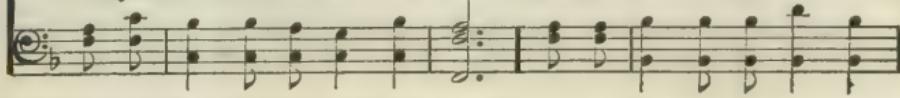
nail - scarred hand; Are you wea - ry and worn from its toil and strife?
 nail - scarred hand; Christ will com - fort your heart, put your trust in Him,
 nail - scarred hand; Would you live in the light of His bless - ed word?
 nail - scarred hand; Throw your heart o - pen wide, let the Sav - ior in,



CHORUS.



Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand. Place your hand in the nail-scarred



hand, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand; He will keep to the



end, He's your dear - est Friend, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.



A. H. A.

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Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. Who can tell how great the love Christ reveals to me, High - er than the
 2. Life unmeasured He be-stows, By His grace di - vine, Like a heal-ing
 3. Sorrow's hour is filled with peace, Comfort sweet I find, From all anx-ious
 4. And when all of life is o'er, Then shall I a - bide On that bright ce -

REFRAIN.

heights a-bove, Deep - er than the sea.... Who can tell it all?....
 stream it flows Thro' this heart of mine....
 care release, And a qui - et mind....
 les - tial shore, With my faithful Guide.... tell it all?

Who can tell it all?... Who can tell how lov - ing - ly He
 tell it all?

answers when I call? Je-sus all my trou-ble bears, Je-sus all my

sor-row shares, Who can tell how much He cares, Who can tell it all?

Send the Light.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light! . . ."
2. We have heard the Mac - e - do - nian call to-day, "Send the light! . . ."
3. Let us pray that grace may ev'-ry-where a-bound; Send the light! . . .
4. Let us not grow wear - y in the work of love, Send the light! . . .
Send the light!

Send the light!"
Send the light!"
Send the light!
Send the light!

There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
And a gold - en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,
And a Christ-like spir - it ev - 'ry-where be found,
Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove,

Send the light!

REFRAIN.

Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . the
Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!

bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine . . . from shore to
the bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine

shore! . . . shine . . . for-ev - er - more. . . . A-MEN.
from shore to shore! Let it shine for-ev - er-more.

W. T. Sleeper.

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Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the
 2. Ye chil-dren of men, at - tend to the word So sol - emn - ly
 3. Oh, ye who would en - ter that glo-rious rest, And sing with the
 4. A dear one in Heav-en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau - ti - ful

way of sal-va-tion and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain,
 ut-tered by Je - sus the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain,
 ransomed the song of the blest, The life ev - er last-ing if ye would ob-tain,
 gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this sol - emn re-frain:

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born a - gain." (a-gain.) "Ye must be born a-

gain," "Ye must be born a - gain," I ver - i - ly,
 a - gain, a - gain,

ver - i - ly say un-to thee, "Ye must be born a - gain." A - MEN.

a-gain.

He Will Not Let Me Go.

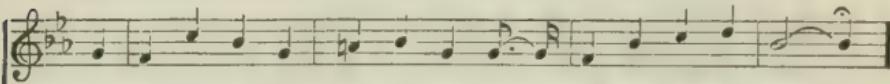
B. B. McK.

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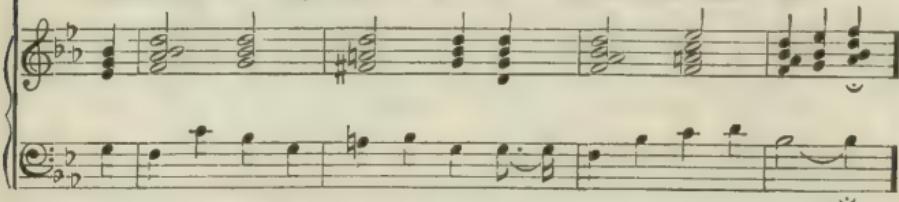
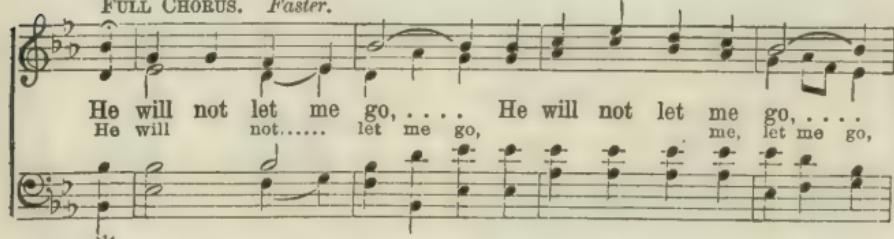
B. B. McKinney.



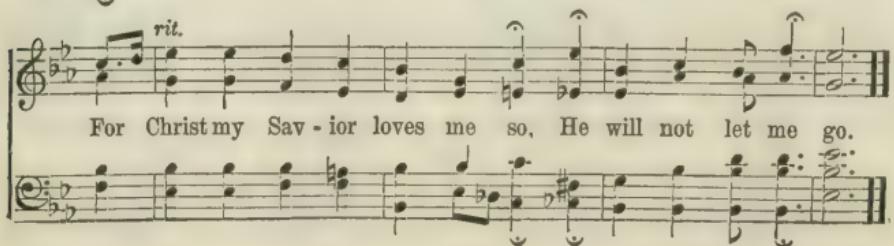
1. Oh, what a bless-ed Christ is mine, He saved me, this I know;
2. I have no mer-it of mine own To save from sin and woe;
3. I am so weak and frail and small, But Christ doth love me so
4. He paid for me the aw-ful cost Up-on the cross of woe;



I'm anchored in His grip di-vine And He will not let me go.
 I'm trusting in His grace a-lone, And He will not let me go.
 That He hath saved me from them all And He will not let me go.
 He'll nev-er let my soul belost Be - cause He loves me so.

FULL CHORUS. *Faster.*

He will not let me go, He will not let me go,
 He will not..... let me go, me, let me go,

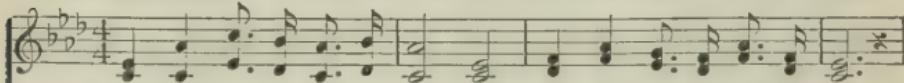


For Christ my Sav-i-or loves me so, He will not let me go.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

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W. H. Doane.



- It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
 If temp-ta-tions round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in prayer.
 When His lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
 King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

CHORUS.

Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of
 Pre- cious name, O how sweet!

earth and joy of Heav'n; Pre - cious name, O how
 Pre- cious name, O how

sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. A - MEN.

sweet, how sweet!

Rev. Wm. Poole.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter,
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bear-ing my bur-dens
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-



just when I fear; Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer,
 all the way thro'; Giv-ing for bur-dens pleas-ures a-new,
 all the day long; For all my sor-row giv-ing a song,
 on Him I call; Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall,

CHORUS.

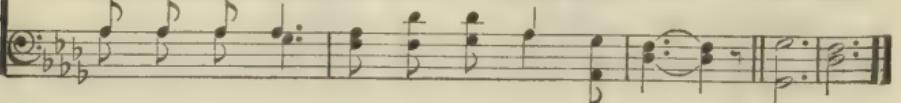
Just when I need Him most. Just when I need Him most,



Just when I need Him most; Je-sus is near to



com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most. A-MEN.



70 He's a Wonderful Savior to Me.

Virgil P. Brock.

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1. I was lost in sin, but Je-sus res-cued me, He's a won-der-ful
 2. He's a Friend so true, so pa-tient and so kind, He's a won-der-ful
 3. He is al-ways near to com-fort and to cheer, He's a won-der-ful
 4. Dear-er grows the love of Je-sus day by day, He's a won-der-ful

Sav-ior to me; I was bound by fear, but Je-sus set me free,
 Sav-ior to me; Ev-'ry-thing I need in Him I al-ways find,
 Sav-ior to me; (So won-der-ful!) He for-gives my sins, He dries my ev-'ry tear,
 Sav-ior to me; Sweet-er is His grace while pressing on my way,

CHORUS.

He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me. (So won-der-ful!) For He's a won-der-ful

Sav-ior to me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me;
 won-der-ful! won-der-ful!

I was lost in sin, but Je-sus took me in: He's a wonderful Sav-ior to me.

E. A. H.

Elisha A. Hoffman

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
 2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav - ior's side? Are you washed in the
 3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white? Are you washed in the
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright, And be
 blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flowing for the soul un - clean, O be

CHORUS

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,
 Are you washed in the blood,

In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? .Are your garments
 of the Lamb?

spot-less? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Satisfied With Jesus.

B. B. McK.

*Slowly.*COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
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B. B. McKinney.

1. I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus, He has done so much for me,
 2. He is with me in my tri - als, Best of friends of all is He;
 3. I can hear the voice of Je - sus Call-ing out so plead - ing - ly,
 4. When my work on earth is end - ed, And I cross the mys - tic sea,

He has suf - fered to re - deem me, He has died to set me free.
 I can al - ways count on Je - sus, Can He al - ways count on me?
 "Go and win the lost and stray - ing;" Is He sat - is - fied with me?
 Oh, that I could hear Him say - ing, "I am sat - is - fied with thee."

CHORUS.

I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is -

fied with Je - sus, But the ques - tion comes to me, As I

think of Cal - va - ry, Is my Mas - ter sat - is - fied with me?

I Choose Jesus.

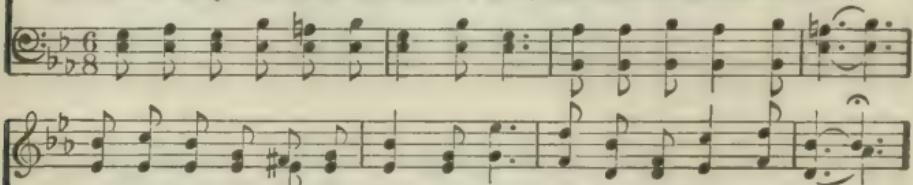
James Rowe.

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

Samuel W. Beazley.



1. When I need some-one in time of grief, Some-one my cheer to be,
2. When I need some-one to guide my soul O - ver the storm-y sea,
3. When I need help to de-feat the foe, Some-one my shield to be,
4. When all my tri-als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,



Je-sus I choose, for He gives re-lief, He is the best for me.
Al-ways to Je-sus I give con-trol, He is the best for me.

Al-ways to Je-sus in faith I go, He is the best for me.

Je-sus shall bear me to yon-der shore, He is the best for me.



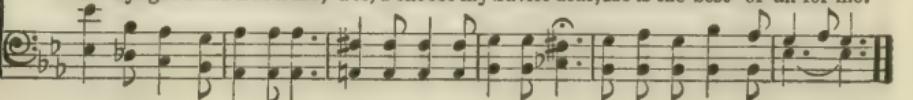
I choose Je-sus when I need a friend;.. What I
Yes, I choose my Sav-ior al-ways when I need a help-ful friend; What I need I



need I know that He will send;.... I have proved Him,
know that sure-ly He to me will free-ly send; I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and



good and true is He;.... I choose Je-sus, He is the best for me....
al-ways good and true is He; Yes, I choose my Savior dear, He is the best of all for me.



Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.



1. From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to - day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,



loy - al - ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
 loy - al - ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
 loy - al - ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
 loy - al - ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll pro - claim Thro' - out the world's domain,

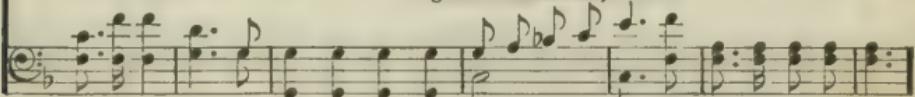
CHORUS.



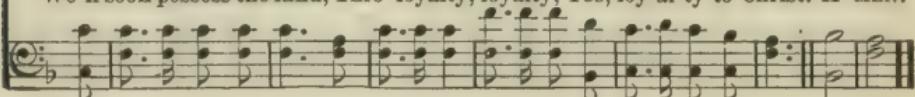
Of loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ. "On to vic - to - ry! On to



vic-to - ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,
 great Commander; "On!"



We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ. A - MEN.



I Am Thine, O Lord.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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FANNIE J. CROSBY, OWNER.

W. H. Doane.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
 2. Con-sa - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
 3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the

love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
 grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
 nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I

REFRAIN.

clo - ser drawn to Thee.
 will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - - er, near-er, bless-ed
 mune as friend with friend!
 rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,

Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,

near - er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious, bleed-ing side. A-MEN.

Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— Call - ing to - day,
 2. Je - sus is call - ing the wear - y to rest— Call - ing to - day,
 3. Je - sus is wait - ing; O come to Him now— Wait - ing to - day,
 4. Je - sus is plead - ing; O list to His voice: Hear Him to - day,

call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam
 call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest:
 wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins; at His feet low - ly bow;
 hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;

REFRAIN.

Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
 He will not turn thee a - way. Call - - - ing to - day, . . .
 Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
 Quick - ly a - rise and a - way. Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,

Call - - - ing to - day, Je - - - - sus is
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day, Je - sus is ten - der - ly

call - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day. A - MEN.

The Shepherd of Love.

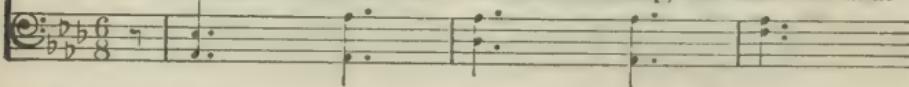
A. S. R.

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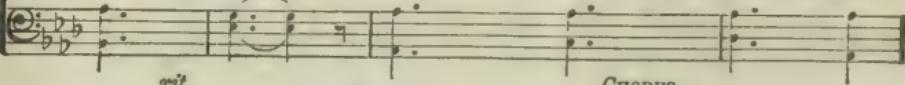
DUET.



1. The Shep-herd of Love is seek-ing the lost In paths that are
2. The Shep-herd of Love knows His sheep by name, And ten-der-ly
3. The Shep-herd of Love our ran-som hath paid, And of-fers sal-
4. The Shep-herd of Love now seek-eth His sheep, He seek-eth what-

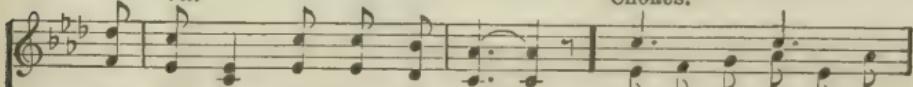


rough and steep; He's call-ing the lambs that have gone a-stray,
leads the way; O wea-ry one, come to the Shepherd's fold,
va-tion free; He's pa-tient-ly wait-ing for thee to come,
e'er the cost; Be-hold, He is call-ing the wan-d'r'er home,



rit.

CHORUS.



He's call-ing, call-ing His sheep.
He's call-ing, call-ing to-day. Out of your dark-ness of
He's call-ing, call-ing for thee. Call-ing,
He's call-ing, call-ing the lost.

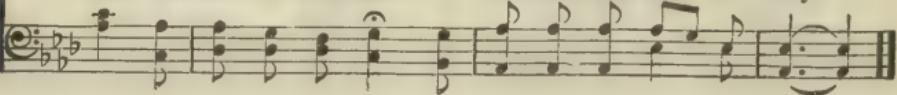


sin and shame, In-to His love, for-ev-er the same; Come to Him
call-ing, Call-ing, call-ing;



ad lib.

now, be-lieve on His name, O an-swer the call to-day.



No One Seemed to Care.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. I drift-ed a-way from the love of God, Sin and doubt o'er my
 2. Those I met day by day failed to tell me of Christ, Who is might-y to
 3. I cried un-to God from my sin-burdened heart, There I yield-ed to
 4. Oh, Chris-tian, a-rise, in the name of the Lord, Tell the lost He a-

life had con-trol; My sad heart was a-lone with its grief and its woe; No
 save and make whole; But they left me to drift and to die in my sin; No
 His blest con-trol; Christ, the dear Lamb of God, took me in - to His fold, For
 lone can make whole; Then your friends cannot say at the great bar of God, "No

CHORUS

one seemed to care for my soul.

one seemed to care for my soul. 1-2. No one seemed to care, no one seemed to care,
 He sure - ly cared for my soul. 3-4. Yes, my Sav-ior cared, yes, He al-ways cared,
 one seemed to care for my soul."

No one seemed to care for my soul; Chris-tians met me day by day,
 Yes, my Sav - ior cared for my soul; All my guilt He washed a-way,

To their shame, I'm sad to say, No one seemed to care for my soul.
 I will praise His name for aye, For Christ sure - ly cares for my soul.

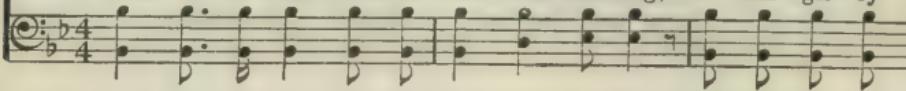
Fanny J. Crosby.

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W. H. Doane.



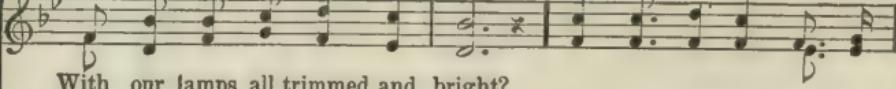
1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv-ants, Wheth-er it be
 2. If, at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch-ing, In His glo - ry



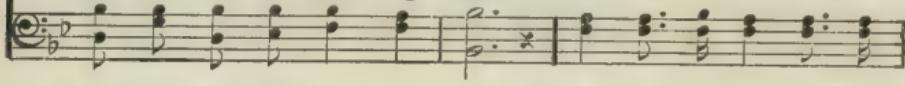
noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch-ing,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con-demns us,
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

CHORUS

rit.



With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
 Will He an - swer thee—Well done? O can we say we are
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 Will He find us watch - ing there?



read - y, broth-er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He



find you and me still watching, Wait-ing, wait-ing when the Lord shall come?



A. H. A.

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A. H. Ackley.

1. In the winter's snow, so soft and white, And in the fragrant breath of
2. In the fields of grain and fruit - ful trees, And in the harvest store they
3. In the flow'rs of ma - ny forms and hues, And in each tin - y creep - ing
4. In the gift of Christ to us He gave, And in the cross to which we

- spring; In the sun - ny morn and moon - light night, I
 bring; In the gen - tle, cool - ing, sum - mer breeze, I
 thing, In the dai - ly bless - ings that we use, I
 cling: In the death He died the world to save, I

CHORUS

see God's wondrous pow'r and sing. I can find Him ev - 'ry - where,
 see God's wondrous care and sing.
 see God's wis-dom, too, and sing.
 see God's wondrous love and sing. I can find Him, find Him ev - 'rywhere,

All the world re - veals God's care; God is great and glo - rious,
 God's care;

King of love, vic - to - rious, I can find Him ev - 'ry - where,
 I can find Him, find Him ev - 'ry - where.

Rev. Frank E. Graeff.

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J. Lincoln Hall.



mirth or song; As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis - tress,
 dread and fear? As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades,
 ta - tion strong; When for my deep grief There is no re - lief,
 earth to me, And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks,

CHORUS.

And the way grows wear - y and long?
 Does He care e - nough to be near? O yes, He cares, I
 Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 Is it aught to Him? Does He care?

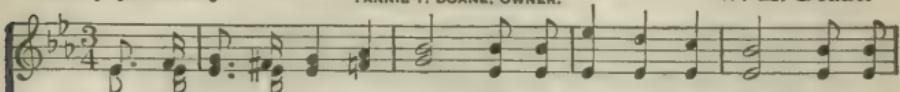
know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief; . . . When the days are

wear - y, The long night drear-y, I know my Sav - ior cares. (He cares.)

Fanny J. Crosby.

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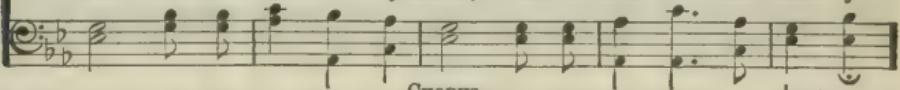
1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be-lieve That the



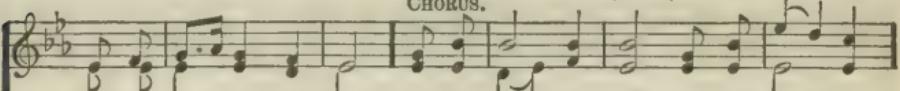
gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-ior and Friend; If we come to Him in ten-der com-pas-sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may Sav-ior who loves them their sor-row con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing bless-ing we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive; In the full-ness of this



faith, His pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wear-y! cast at His feet ev-ry care, What a balm for the wear-y! heart He re-moves ev-ry care; What a balm for the wear-y! trust we shall lose ev-ry care; What a balm for the wear-y!



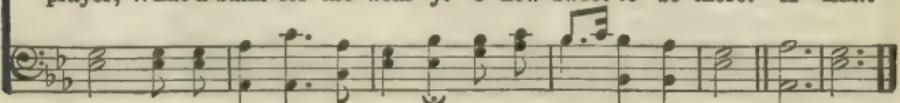
CHORUS.



O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of



prayer, What a balm for the wear-y! O how sweet to be there! A-MEN.



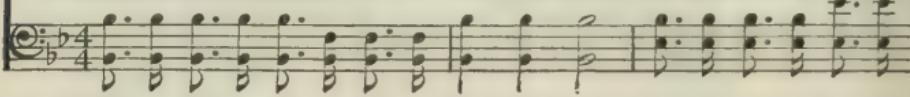
R. K. C.

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R. Kelso Carter.

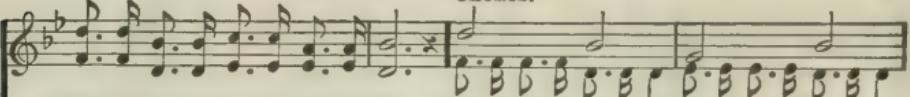


1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can - not fall, Lis-t'ning ev - 'ry mo-ment

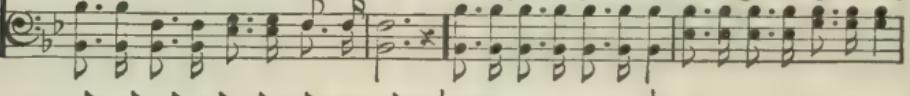


let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
to the Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav - ior, as my all in all,

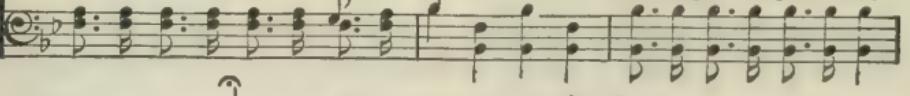
CHORUS.



Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - - ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,



Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God my Sav - ior; Stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,



stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God. A - MEN.
stand-ing on the prom-is-es,



Back to Bethel.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. Back to the Bi - ble, the true Liv - ing Word, Sweet-est old sto - ry that
 2. Back to the beau - ti - ful path I once trod, Back to the church and the
 3. Back to the giv - ing of mon - ey and time, Back to the life of con -
 4. Back to the prayer-life in Christ I once knew, Back to its beau - ti - ful

ev - er was heard; Back to the joy - life my soul longs to know,
 peo - ple of God; Out of the cold world of sin and its woe,
 tent - ment sub - lime, Back to pro - tec - tion the world can - not know,
 life - cleans - ing dew, Back to help oth - ers to con - quer each foe,

CHORUS

Beth - el is call - ing, and I must go. Back to Beth - el

I must go, Back where the riv - ers of sweet wa - ters flow, Back to the

true life my soul longs to know, Beth - el is call - ing, and I must go.

85 The Everlasting Arms Are Underneath.

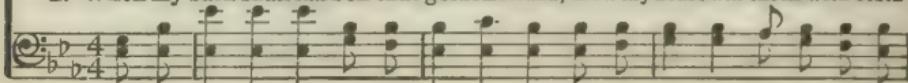
B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.



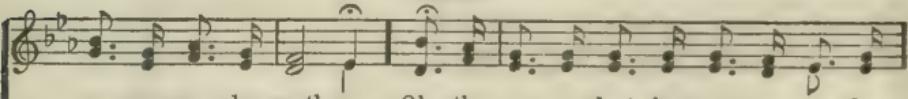
1. On the sea of life, 'mid the storm and strife, I am sail-ing to e - ter - ni -
2. Tho' the day is gone, and the night hangs on, I will trust Him tho' I can-not
3. As I sail a-long, Je-sus gives a song, For in Him I have the vic-to-
4. When my bark shall land on that golden strand, How my heart will thrill with ecsta-



ty; I will fear no ill, Christ is with me still, And His ev - er -last - ing
see; He will lead me thro', where the skies are blue, For the ev - er -last - ing
ry; That my an - chor sure shall for-e'er en-dure, For the ev - er -last - ing
sy; He will take me home, nev -er-more to roam, For the ev - er -last - ing



CHORUS



arms are un - der -neath me. Oh, the ev - er -last - ing arms are un - der -



neath me, Un-der -neath me, un-der -neath me; Tho' the storms may blow, I am



safe I know, For the ev - er -last - ing arms are un - der -neath me.



86 There's a Beautiful Land On High.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1934, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

James Nicholson.

Arr. by

B. B. McKinney.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, To its glo - ries I fain would
 2. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, I shall en - ter it by and
 3. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, Then why should I fear to
 4. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, Where we nev - er shall say "good-

fly; When by sor - rows pressed down, I long for a crown
 by; There with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand,
 die, When death is the way To the realm of day,
 bye;" Where the right-eous will sing, And their cho - rus will ring

CHORUS

In that beau - ti - ful land on high. In that beau-ti - ful land I'll

be, From earth and its care set free; My Je - sus is there,

He's gone to pre - pare A place in that land for me.

H. L. Turner.

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James McGranahan.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, Whensunlight thro'
 2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
 3. While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heav-en de-scend-ing, With glo-ri-fied
 4. Oh, joy! oh, de-light! should we go with-out dy-ing, No sick-ness, no

dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je-sus will come in the
 chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in-to light in the
 saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a
 sad-ness, no dread and no cry-ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

full-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."
 blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives "His own."
 ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
 Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives "His own."

CHORUS.

O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-

rit.

turn-eth! Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

Isaac Watts.

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Robert Lowry.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
 4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
 chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King,
 fore we reach the heav'nl-y fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
 marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
 May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
 (1) And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're march-ing on to Zi - on,

march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God. A - MEN.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

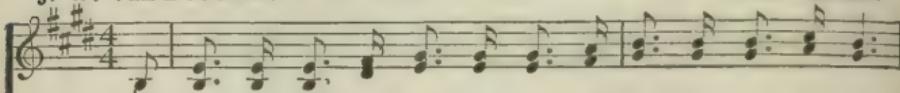
Sunlight.

J. W. Van DeVenter.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY W. S. WEEDEN & J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

P. P. BILHORN, OWNER.

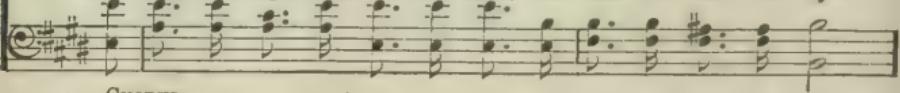
W. S. Weeden.



1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath-er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
3. While walk-ing in the light of God, I sweet com - mun - ion find;
4. I cross the wide-ex - tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The light that came to me,



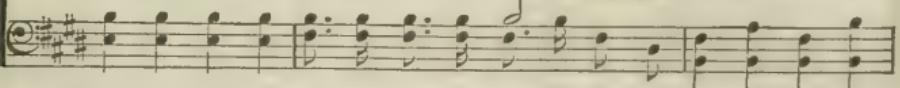
And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark - ness flee.
 How - ev - er dark the world may be, I've sun - light in my soul.
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be - hind.
 And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
 Be - hold the bright-ness of His face, Thro'out e - ter - ni - ty.



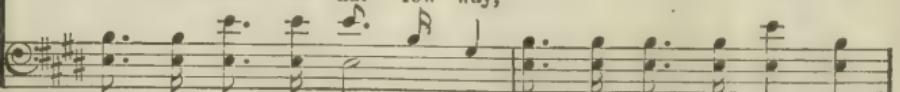
CHORUS.



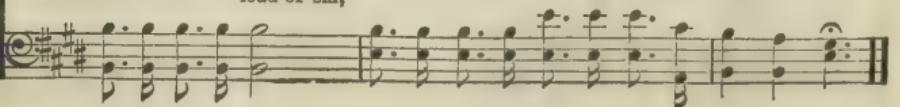
Sun-light, sun-light in my soul to - day, Sun-light, sun-light
to - day, yes,



all a - long the way; Since the Sav - ior found me,
nar - row way;



Took a-way my sin, I have had the sun-light of His love with - in.
load of sin,



90 When the Saints Go Marching In.

Words adapted and ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Written by B. B. McK.

Arr by B. B. McKinney

And I prom-ised I would meet him, When the saints go march-ing in.
 And I prom-ised I would meet her On that hap-py, gold-en shore.
 And some day I'll sure-ly meet him, Where there'll be no sad good-byes.
 And I prom-ised I would meet her; "There we'll know as we are known."
 Oh, how sweet 'twill be to meet Him, When the saints go marching in.

CHORUS.

<img alt="Musical score for the chorus. It consists of three staves of music in common time (indicated by '4') and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are as follows:
 <p>When the saints . . . go march-ing in, go march-ing in,
 Oh, when the saints go march-ing in,

When the saints go march-ing in; . . . Lord, I want to go march-ing in;

be in that num-ber, . . . When the saints go marching in.
 in that num-ber,

91 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a - stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead - fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y, I know, Since Je-sus came

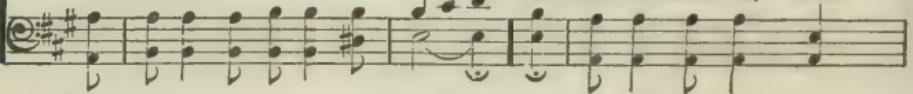


in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart! And my sins which were man - y are all washed a - way,
in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob - scure,
in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,
in - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py, as on - ward I go,



CHORUS.

Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! Since Je-sus came in - to my
Since Je-sus came in, came



heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my
in - to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in - to my heart,



soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in - to my heart.



George Cooper.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. { There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go-ing by;
 There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go-ing by;
 2. { There's no time for i - dle scorn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;
 Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;
 3. { All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by;
 One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go-ing by;

If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue,
 Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep-ing eyes;
 But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,

Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.
 Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the days are go-ing by.
 And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go-ing by.

REFRAIN

Go - ing by, go - ing by, Go - ing by, go - ing by
 Go - ing by, go - ing by, Go - ing by, go - ing by
 by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.
 go - ing by,

Katherine Hankey.

William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
 hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest. And when in

tell the sto - ry Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
 tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
 tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal -
 scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old

REFRAIN.

long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
 rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
 va - tion From God's own Ho - ly Word.
 sto - ry That I have loved so long.

be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

S. Ellers.

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Ernest O. Sellers.

1. 'Twas in the Fa-ther's plan that Je - sus died for me; To pay the price for
 2. 'Twas in the Fa-ther's plan how His great grace for me, Thro' time's long endless
 3. 'Twas in the Fa-ther's plan be - fore the world be-gan, To give it to His

sin did go to Cal - va - ry; 'Twas in the Fa-ther's plan He left His glo - rious day a - bid-eth full and free; 'Twas in the Fa-ther's plan that in e - ter - ni -
 Son, it was His will and way; His word shall nev-er fail, so come what-ev - er

home To jour-ney here to earth to save me for His own.
 ty I shall His face be-hold and in His like-ness be. Oh! hal-le - lu-jah,
 may, With Him I'll reign on high, one glad and glo-rious day.

D. S.—faith in Je - sus Christ, God set me as His Son.

won-drous mys-ter - y (mys - ter - y)! Oh! hal - le - lu - jah, grace has set me

free (set me free). Be - fore the world in or - der had be - gun(had be-gun), Thro'

Fanny J. Crosby.

Chester G. Allen.



1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing O Earth, His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'ly por-tals,



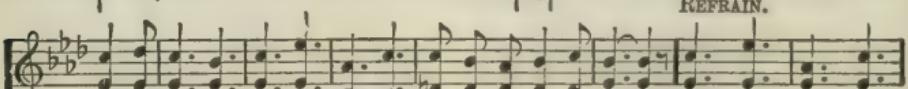
won - der-ful love proclaim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo - ry;
suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal-va-tion,
loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reigneth for-ev - er and ev - er;



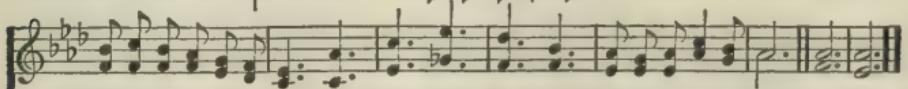
Strength and hon - or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will
Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cru-ci - fied. Sound His Prais-es! Je-sus who
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is coming! over the



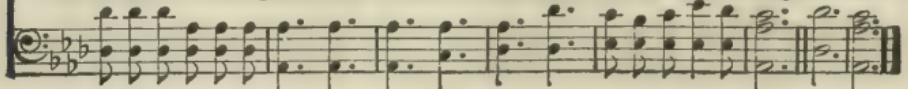
REFRAIN.



guard His children, In His arms He carriesthem all day long: Praise Him! praise Him!
bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong:
world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long:



tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song! A-MEN.



96 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER. Carrie E. Rounsefell.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
 2. Per-haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
 3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me.
 There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'r'er whom I should seek.
 Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
 O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
 So, trust-ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

FINE.

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech - o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

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Words by
B. B. McKinney.Arr. by B. B. McKinney.
From Hawaiian Folk Song.

1. Christ the Sav - ior came from heav-en's glo - ry, To re-deem the
 2. He a - rose from death and all its sor - row, To dwell in that
 3. Wear-y soul, to Je - sus come con-fess - ing, Re - demp-tion from

lost from sin and shame; On His brow He wore the thorn-crown
 land of joy and love; He is com - ing back some glad to-
 sin He of - fers thee; Look to Je - sus and re - ceive a

glo - ry, And up - on Cal - va - ry He took my blame.
 mor - row, And He'll take all His chil-dren home a - bove.
 bless - ing, There is life, there is joy and vic - to - ry!

CHORUS.

He lives on high, He lives on high, Tri-um-phant o - ver sin and all its

stain; He lives on high, He lives on high, Some day He's com-ing a - gain.

Saved, Saved.

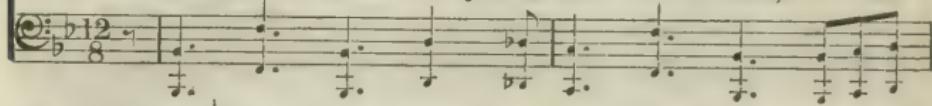
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J. P. S.

J. P. Scholfield.



1. I've found a Friend.. who is all to me,... His
 2. He saves me from... ev'-ry sin and harm,... Se-
 3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,... In



love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell... how He
 cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean - ing strong.. on His
 love He said to me, "Come un - to Me.... and I'll



lift - ed me.... And what His grace can do for you.....
 might - y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way.....
 lead you home, To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly'.....



CHORUS.

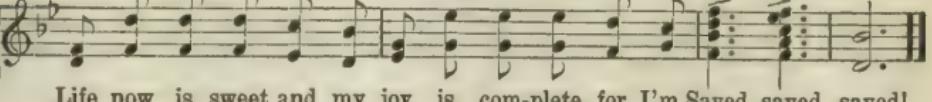


Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
 Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,



cres.

rit.

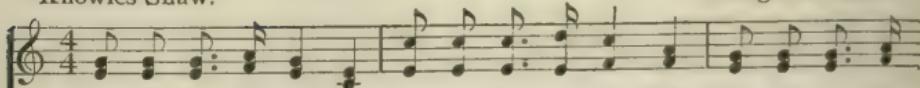


Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!



Knowles Shaw.

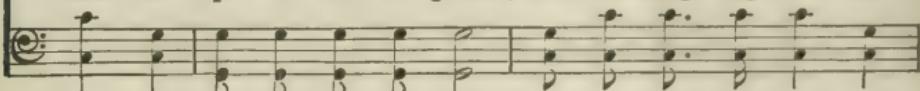
George A. Minor.



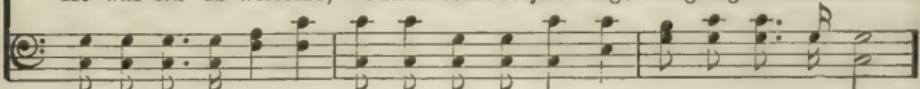
1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
 2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther
 3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-



noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,
 clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest,
 tained our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver,



and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.



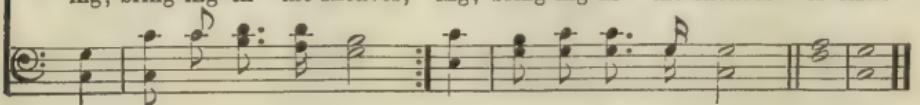
CHORUS.



{ Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-
 Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-



ing, bring-ing in the sheaves; ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. A-MEN.



Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE.

W. H. Doane.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care, Safe from the
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the

love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of
 world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of
 Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with

an - gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
 sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,
 pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing

CHORUS.

O - ver the jas - per sea. . . .

On - ly a few more tears! . . . Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His
 Break on the gold-en shore. . . .

gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. A-MEN.

L. S. L.

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

Lida Shivers Leech.

1. Bring ye all the tithes in - to the store-house, All your mon - ey,
 2. When my wav'-ring faith in tri - als fal - ter, When His guid - ing
 3. I have yield-ed Him my life for - ev - er, All I am, or

tal - ents, time and love; Con - se-crate them all up - on the
 hand I can - not see, Then in won-drous love and ten - der
 have, or hope to be; Naughton earth my hold on Him can

rit.

al - tar; While your Sav - ior from a - bove speaks sweet - ly,
 mer - cy, Thro' His word He says to me, My child, just
 sev - er, While I hear Him say to me, My child, just

REFRAIN.

Trust Me, try Me, prove Me, saith the Lord of hosts, and see
 Trust Me, yes, then try Me, prove Me,

If a bless-ing, un-meas-ured bless-ing, I will not pour out on thee.

H. R. P.

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H. R. Palmer.



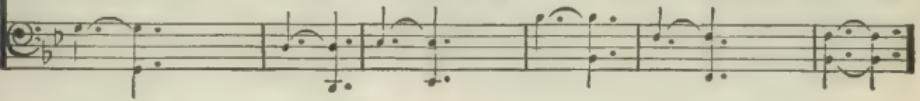
1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic - t'ry will
 2. Shun e - vil com-pa-nions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall



help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
 rev'-rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear - nest,
 con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,



Dark pas-sions sub - due, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.



CHORUS.



Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com - fort, strengthen and keep you;



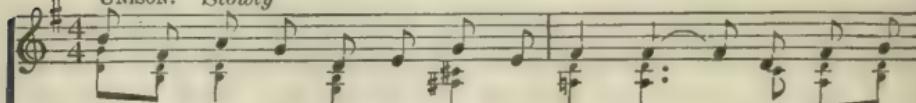
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through. A - MEN.



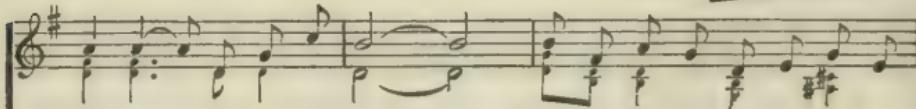
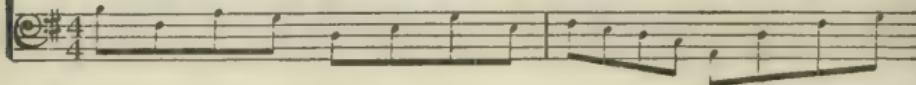
B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

UNISON. *Slowly*

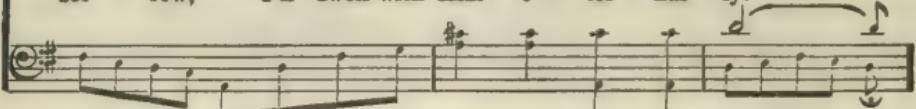
1. Tho' the storm - y clouds may hov - er o'er me, And life is
 2. On each cloud there is a sil - ver lin - ing, The gold - en
 3. At the dawn - ing of that gold - en mor - row, When Christ my



bur - dened with sor-row's pain, Christ my Pi - lot ev - er goes be-
 sun - light will come a - gain; I will trust and cease my sad re-
 Sav - ior shall come for me, Free from earth and all its bit - ter



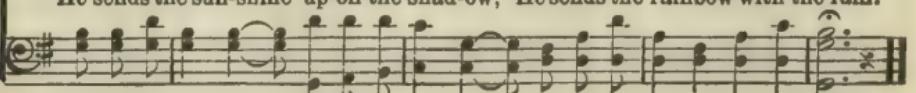
fore me, He sends the rain - bow with the rain.
 pin - ing, He sends the rain - bow with the rain.
 sor - row, I'll dwell with Him e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS. *Parts, faster.*

He sends the rainbow, a love-ly rain-bow, He sends the rainbow with the rain;



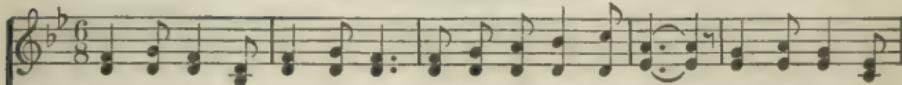
He sends the sun-shine up-on the shad-ow, He sends the rainbow with the rain.



James Rowe.

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Howard E. Smith.



1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
 3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you



stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
 pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
 by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,



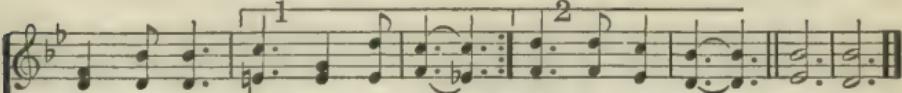
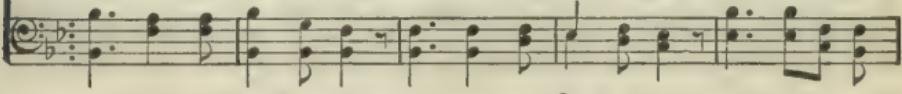
Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift - ed me, Now safe am I.
 Mer - its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
 Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to-day.



CHORUS.



Love lift - ed me! . . . Love lift - ed me! . . . When noth-ing
 e - ven me! e - ven me!



else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me. A - MEN.



C. S. N.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR,
WENONAH, N. J.

Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al - ways pure and good? Would you walk with
 2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol - low at His call? Would you know the
 3. Would you in His king-dom find a place of con - stant rest? Would you prove Him

Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car - ry
 peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you can
 true in prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al - ways

CHORUS.

all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.

nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
 at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your

soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A - MEN.

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J. P. S.

Spirited.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. I want my life to glo - ri - fy my Lord and King; I want to please and
 2. Oh, that my life might mag - ni - fy the Sav - ior's pow'r; Oh, that my deeds might
 3. I want my life to tes - ti - fy that He can save; I want to help to

hon - or Him in ev - 'ry-thing; I want my life to tell men that He is my
 wit - ness to His grace each hour; Oh, that my words might magnify His ho - ly
 make His crimson ban - ner wave; I want to tell the bless-ed sto - ry ev - 'ry

3 CHORUS.

Guide; I want the world to know He's walking by my side.
 name, So let my heart and voice His mighty pow'r pro - claim. I want to live as
 day; I want to be a light to oth - ers on their way.

Je-sus lived, I want to love as Je-sus loved, I want to serve and honor Him and

please Him in ev - 'ry-thing; I want my life to tes - ti - fy that He's my Lord and King.

S. C. Kirk.

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1. Hear ye the Master's call, "Give Me thy best!" For, be it great or small,
 2. Wait not for men to laud, Heed not their slight; Winning the smile of God
 3. Night soon comes on a-pace, Day has-tens by; Workman and work must face

That is His test. Do then the best you can, Not for re-ward, Not for the
 Brings its de-light! Aid-ing the good and true Ne'er goes unblest, All that we
 Test-ing on high. Oh, may we in that day Find rest, sweetrest, Which God has

CHORUS.

praise of man, But for the Lord.

think or do, Be it the best. Ev - 'ry work for Je-sus will be blest,
 promised those Who do their best.

But He asks from ev - 'ry - one His best. Our tal-ents may be few,

These may be small, But un - to Him is due Our best, our all.

B. B. McK.
Duet. Slowly.COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
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B. B. McKinney.

1. 'Neath the stars of the night, Walked the Savior of light, In the gar-den of
 2. All the sin of the world On the Sav - ior was hurled, As He knelt in the
 3. May my song ev - er be Of the love proffered me, By my Lord all a -

dew - lad-ened breeze; Where no light could be found, Je - sus knelt on the ground,
 gar - den a - lone; Hear His soul-burdened plea, Let this cup pass from me,
 lone on His knees: Praise His won-der-ful name, He who bore all my blame,

CHORUS.

There He prayed 'neath the old ol-ive trees.

"E - ven so, not my will, Thine be done." Neath the old ol-ive trees, 'Neath the
 As He knelt 'neath the old ol-ive trees.

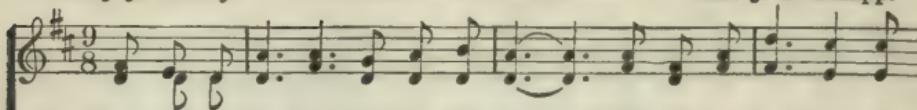
old ol-ive trees, Went the Sav-ior a-lone on His knees, "Not my will, Thine be
 As He knelt 'neath the old ol-ive trees.

done," cried the Father's own Son, As He knelt 'neath the old ol-ive trees.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



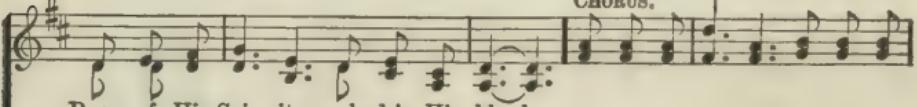
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine: Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iор am



glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove
hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,



CHORUS.



Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-per-s of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.



song, Prais-ing my Sav-iор all the day long; This is my sto-ry,



this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iор all the day long. A-MEN.



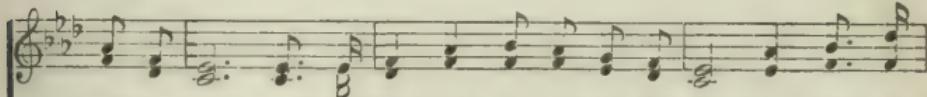
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B. B. McKinney.



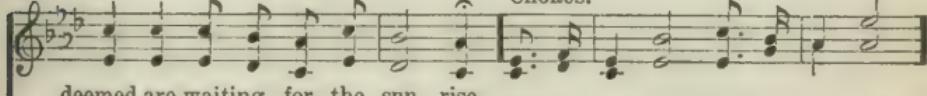
1. The redeemed are waiting for the sun - rise, For the triumph that shall
2. Oh, what joy will greet us when He com - eth, When the dead in Je-sus
3. Let us nev - er fal - ter in His serv - ice, Let us fol - low on with



greet our eyes, When the King shall come in all His glo - ry, The re -
shall a - rise; When all pain and sor-row shall be o - ver, The re -
lift - ed eyes, To the fields all ripe un - to the har - vest, Let us



CHORUS.



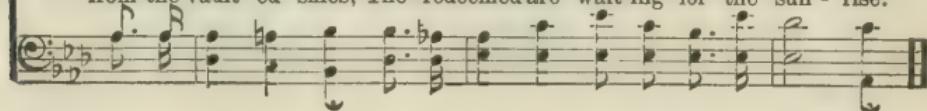
deemed are waiting for the sun -rise.
deemed are waiting for the sun -rise. For the sun-rise, gold-en sun-rise,
gath - er jew - els for the sun -rise.



The redeemed are wait-ing for the sun -rise, When the King shall come



from the vault-ed skies, The redeemed are wait-ing for the sun -rise.



III Love Sings A Song In My Heart.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. Love found its way to my sin - bur-dened soul, Caused me from sin
2. I have a song that the world can - not sing, Since Christ has saved
3. If you would have this sweet song in your soul, Turn from your sin,

to de - part; Christ reigns with - in, He has per - fect con - trol,
me from sin; Love's mel - o - dy, oh, what peace it doth bring,
turn to - day; Come un - to Christ, He will save and make whole,

CHORUS.

Love sings a song in my heart.

Ring-ing so sweet-ly with - in. Love sings a song, a glad new song,
He'll safe - ly lead all the way.

Love sings a song in my heart; . . . Thro' His grace di - vine This sweet

mel - o - dy is mine, Wondrous love sings a song in my heart.

rit.

mel - o - dy is mine, Wondrous love sings a song in my heart.

A. H. A.

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Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. I sing you the song of a won-der-ful friend, Whose love is unmeasured
 2. To - day He is wait-ing new strength to impart, When life has grown weary
 3. What-ev-er the sin and the shame of the past, His soul-cleansing blood cov-

for you; (all for you;) He nev - er for-sakes but is true to the end,
 with care; (weary care;) His heal-ing is sure for the bro - ken in heart,
 ers all; (cov-ers all;) In time of temp - ta - tion He holds the soul fast,
 you;

CHORUS.

No mat-ter what oth-ers may do.
 And all who are lost in de - spair. He loves you far more than you
 And saves all on Him who will call.

know, so:

know, (than you know,) He died because He loved you so; (loved you so;) He

gave up His throne just to make you His own, He loves you far more than you know.

113 Since His Love Came Shining Through.

Gene Routh.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. I was drift-ing far from the "Bea-con Star," Clouds of sin had
 2. Thro' the storm-y night or the sun-shine bright, I've a song tri-
 3. Souls a - far in sin I will help to win, And to Christ I'll

cov - ered the blue; From His throne on high Je - sus heard my cry,
 um - phant and new; Je - sus saved from sin, gave me peace with - in,
 ev - er be true; Then when all is o'er I will reach that shore,

CHORUS.

And His love came shin-ing thro'.
 And His love came shin-ing thro'. Since His love came shining through, . . .
 Since His love came shin-ing thro'. shining through,

I've a joy that's al - ways new; . . . All the clouds are
 al - ways new;

rift - ed And my bur - dens lift - ed, Since His love came shin-ing through.

114 Serve the Lord With Gladness.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. "Serve the Lord with gladness" In our works and ways, . . . Come be-fore His pres-ence
2. "Serve the Lord with gladness," Thankful all the while . . . For His ten-der mer-cies,
3. "Serve the Lord with gladness," This shall be our theme, . . . As we walk to-ge-th er

With our songs of praise; Un - to Him our Mak-er We would pledge anew (a-new),
For His lov-ing smile. Bless-ed truth en-dur-ing, Always just the same (the same),
In His love su-preme. List'ning, ev-er list'ning, For the still small voice (His voice),

CHORUS.

Life's supreme de-vo-tion To serv-ice true.

We will serve with gladness And praise His name. "Serve Him with gladness," Enter His courts with
His sweet will so precious Will be our choice.

song (with song); To our Cre-a-tor True praises be-long (belong). Great is His mer-cy,

Won-der-ful is His name (His name), We glad-ly serve Him, His great love proclaim (proclaim).

S. F. Bennett.

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J. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -
 songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwell - ing-place there. In the sweet by and
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
 by and by, by and by;

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore. A - MEN.
 In the sweet by and by,

116 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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Homer A. Rodeheaver, Owner.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time and F major. The top staff features a soprano vocal line with eighth-note patterns. The middle staff contains an alto vocal line with eighth-note patterns. The bottom staff is a basso continuo line with sustained notes and bassoon-like entries. The lyrics for this section are:

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it

The musical score continues with three staves of music. The lyrics for this section are:

way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub-lime,
nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The lyrics for the chorus are:

If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The lyrics for this section are:

home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The lyrics for this section are:

home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The lyrics for this section are:

sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home. A - MEN.

James Rowe.

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Henry P. Morton.

1. Dark-ness may o'er-take me and my song for - sake me, But a - lone I
 2. Should mis-for-tune meet me, friends may fail to greet me, But if true to
 3. How the tho't en-thralls me, that what-e'er be - falls me One will al-ways

nev - er shall be; For the Friend be - side me prom-ised He would guide me
 Je - sus I stay He will still up-hold me, let His love en - fold me
 love me the same; Not a tri - al ev - er caus-es Him to sev - er

CHORUS.

And will keep His prom-ise to me.
 Ev - 'ry drear-y mile of the way. He will keep His prom-ise to
 From the ones who hon-or His name. His

me, All the way with me He will go; He has nev - er
 prom-ise to me, He will go;

bro-ken an - y prom-ise spo-ken; He will keep His prom-ise, I know. A-MEN.

In the Garden.

C. A. M.

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C. Austin Miles.

1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet, the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be

ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
 sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy, That He gave to me, With-
 fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

CHORUS.

Son of God dis - clos - es.
 in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
 voice to me is call - ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the

joy we share, as we tar - ry there, None oth-er has ev - er known.

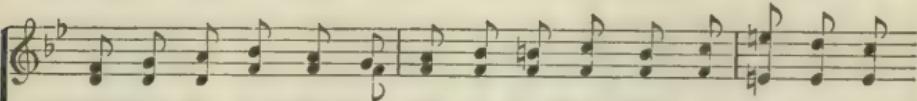
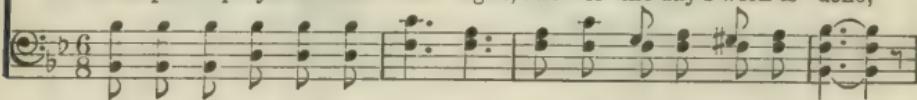
S. L.

*Rather slowly.*COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
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Scott Lawrence.



1. Whis-per a prayer in the morn - ing, Just at the break of the day;
2. Whis-per a prayer at the noon - time, Pause in the midst of the throng,
3. Whis-per a prayer at the twi - light, Aft - er the day's work is done,



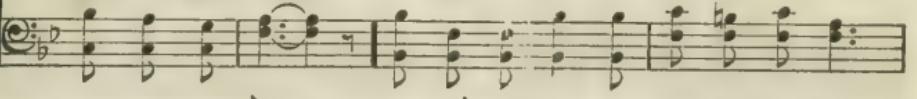
Why fear the fight, In your bat - tle for right, When you know He will
Look un - to Him, Who can con - quer all sin; In thy weak-ness, in
No oth - er friend Will prove true to the end, Like Christ Je - sus, the



CHORUS.



lead all the way?

Him thou art strong. Whis - per a prayer, Just whis - per a prayer,
Cru - ci - fied One.

E - ven a whis - per He'll hear o - ver there; Vic - t'ry is thine, In His



rit.

love so sub - lime, When to Je - sus you whis - per a prayer.



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Robert Harkness.

R. H.

1. On life's pathway I am nev - er lone - ly, My Lord is with me, my Lord di -
 2. I shall not be lone - ly in my sor - row, He will sus-tain me un - til the
 3. I shall not be lone - ly in the val - ley, Tho' shadows gath-er, I will not

vine; Ev - er pre-sent Guide, I trust Him on - ly, No lon - ger
 end; Dark-est night He turns to bright-est mor-row, No lon - ger
 fear; He has prom-ised ev - er to up-hold me, No lon - ger

CHORUS.

lone-ly, for He is mine....
 lone-ly! He is my Friend... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger lone-ly, For
 lone-ly! He will be near.....

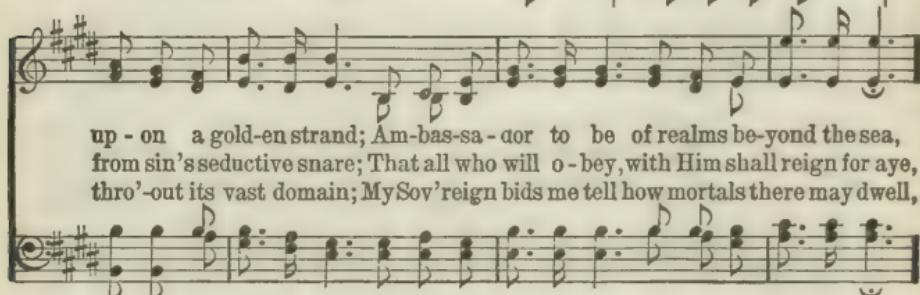
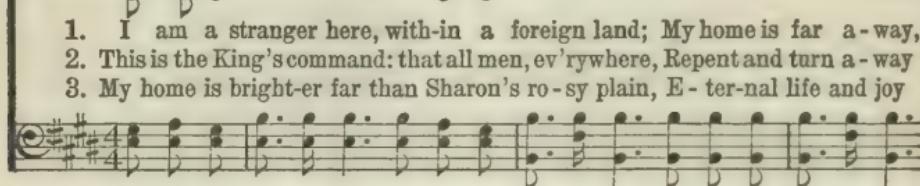
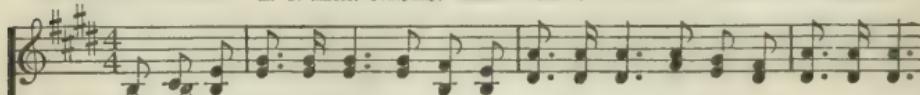
Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me;.... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger
 to me;

lone - ly, For Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me.
 of friends to me.

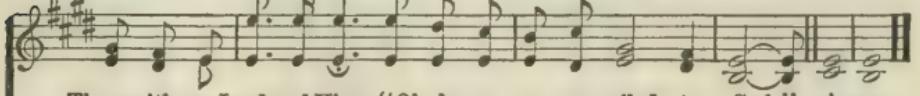
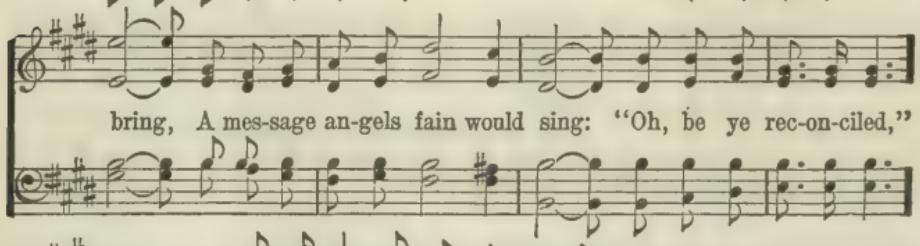
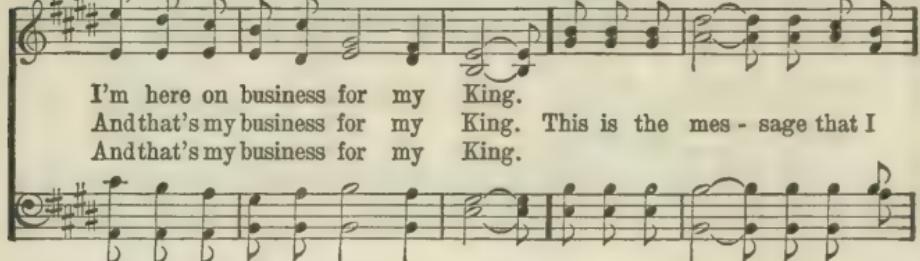
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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Flora H. Cassel.



CHORUS.



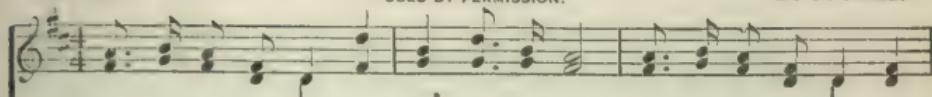
Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec - on - ciled to God." A-MEN.



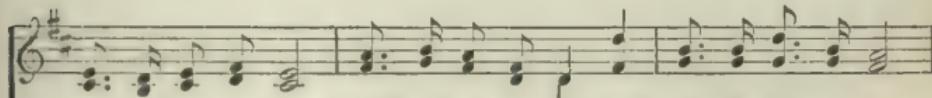
P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.



1. “Who - so - ev - er hear - eth,” shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed t. - dings
2. Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. “Who - so - ev - er will,” the prom - ise se - cure, “Who - so - ev - er will,” for -



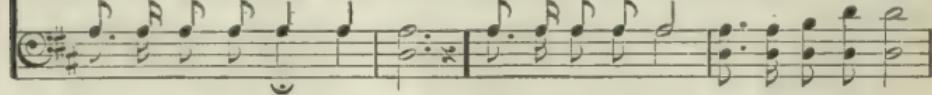
all the world a-round; Spread the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en - dure; “Who - so - ev - er will,” ’tis life for - ev - er - more:



CHORUS.



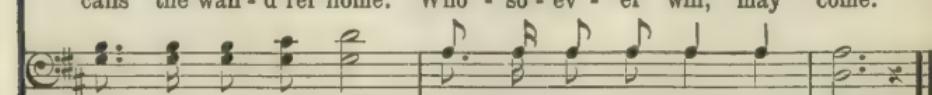
“Who - so - ev - er will may come.” “Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will,”



Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; ’Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther



calls the wan - d’rer home: “Who - so - ev - er will, may come.”



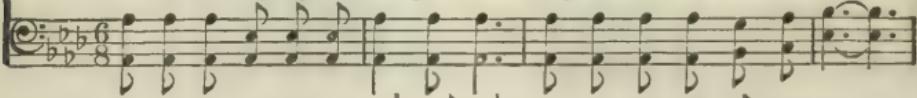
J. P. S.

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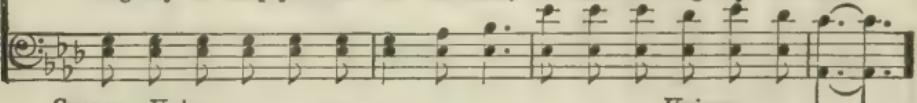
J. P. Scholfield.



1. Je-sus is a - ble to save from sin, Will you re-ceive Him to - day?
2. Je-sus is will-ing to save your soul, Will you re-ceivo Him to - day?
3. Je-sus is mighty to hold you fast, Why not ac-cept Him to - day?



A - ble to plant the new life with-in, Will you re-ceive Him to - day?
 Will-ing to take you and make you whole, Je - sus is will - ing to - day.
 Might-y to keep you un - to the last; Je - sus is mighty to save.



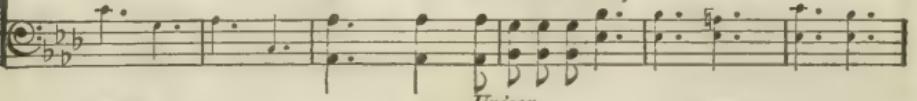
CHORUS. Unison.

Parts.

Unison.



A - ble, a - ble, Je-sus is a-ble to save; . . . Will - ing, will - ing,
 Je - sus is a-ble to save;



Parts.

Unison.

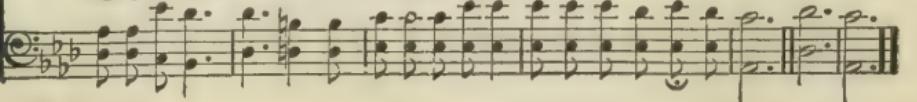
Parts.



Je-sus is will-ing to save; . . . Might-y, might-y, Je-sus is mighty to
 Je - sus is will-ing to save; Je - sus is



save; . . . Might-y, He's might - y, Je-sus is mighty to save. A - MEN.
 mighty to save; yes, Je-sus is mighty,



W. C. Poole.

SOLO

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B. D. Ackley.

1. When I shall come to the end of my way, When I shall rest at the
2. When in His beau-ty I see the great King, Join with the ransomed His
3. When life is o - ver and day-light is passed, In heav-en's har - bor my

close of life's day, When "Welcome home" I shall hear Je - sus say, O
prais-es to sing, When I shall join them my trib - ute to bring, O
an - chor is cast, When I see Je - sus my Sav - ior at last, O

CHORUS

that will be sun - rise for me. . . . Sun-rise to - mor - row, sun - rise to -

mor - row, Sun - rise in glo - ry is wait - ing for me; Sun -rise to - mor - row,

sun -rise to - mor - row, Sun -rise with Je - sus for e - ter - ni - ty.

J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

1. I heard a sweet story, I know its true, It took a firm grip on my soul;
 2. I yield-ed my-self to this Christ divine, For sin was a bur-den to me;
 3. And now I am singing a-long my way, Where once I was burdened and sad;

It told of a Sav-ior who came to save, And make a bro-ken life whole.
 He lift-ed that burden and gave me peace, And set my cap-tive soul free.
 Now He is my Shepherd, my Friend and Guide, And keeps my heart ev-er glad.

CHORUS.

His love won my heart, . . . A love that will nev-er de - part; . . .
 yes, won my heart, no, nev-er de-part;

He took sin a-way, and came in to stay, His love won my heart.

I want to be faith-ful, and loy-al and true To the love that won my heart.

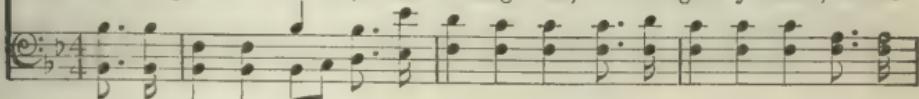
W. A. O.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. A. Ogden.



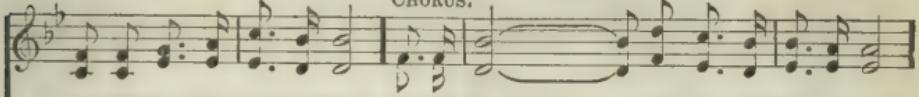
1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
 2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
 3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-dings roll, To the guilt-y heart, to the



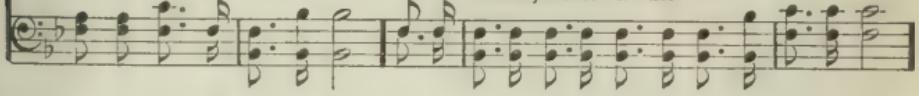
mor - tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is
 mor - tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain, "Our God is
 sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is



CHORUS.



a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - - able to de - liv - er thee,
 a - ble, He is a - ble



He is a - - - - able to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-prest,
 a - ble, He is a - ble



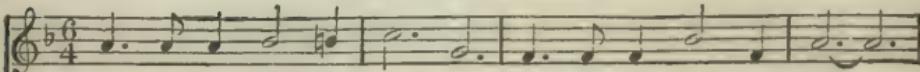
Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." A-MEN.



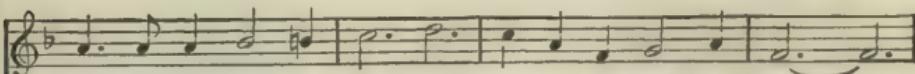
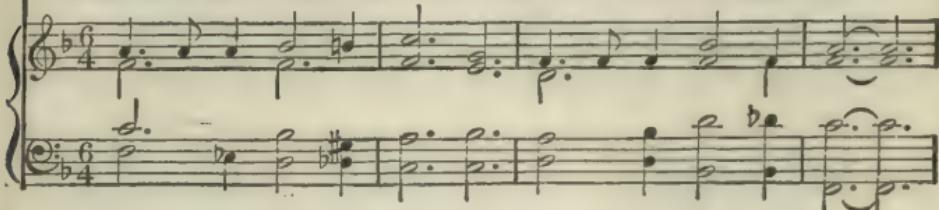
Gene Routh.

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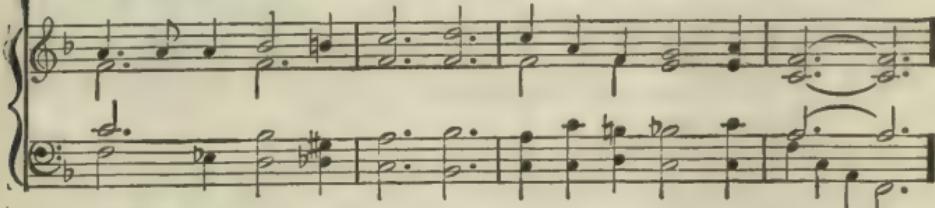
B. B. McKinney.



1. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Speak that my soul may hear;
2. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Purge me from ev - 'ry sin;
3. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, It is no lon - ger mine;



Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Calm ev - 'ry doubt and fear.
 Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Help me the lost to win.
 Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, I would be whol - ly Thine.



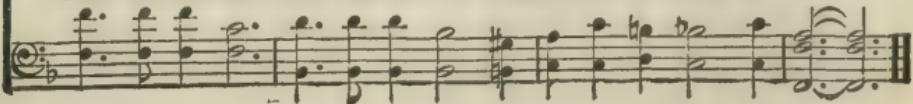
CHORUS.



Speak to my heart, oh, speak to my heart, Speak to my heart, I pray;



Yield-ed and still, seek-ing Thy will, Oh, speak to my heart to-day.



R. H.

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Robert Harkness.

6

1 Love sent my Sav - ior to die in my stead, Why should He
 2. Nails pierced His hands and His feet for my sin, Why should He
 3. O how He ag - o - nized there in my place, Why should He

C:6

love me so? Meek-ly to Cal - va - ry's cross He was led,
 love me so? He suf - fered sore my sal - va - tion to win,
 love me so? Noth-ing with-hold-ing my sin to ef - face,

CHORUS

Why should He love me so? . . . Why should He love me so? . . .

Why should He love me so? . . . Why should my Sav - ior to
 love me so?

Cal - va - ry go? Why should He love me so? . . .
 love me so?

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Rev. S. M. Glasgow.

DUET. Slowly.

Rev. C. T. Caldwell.

1. Long have we sought e - ter - nal life, Years have we
 2. You know the love of God man - i - fold, A - ges have
 3. The a - ged faint and long for the Friend, Dark shad - ows

wait - ed in sin and strife; In darkness groped, sad mis - ry's mate, How
 brought you their grace un - told; Peace and a hope, no fear of fate, How
 gath - er - ing bring the end; Fades now the light, 'tis grow - ing late, How

CHORUS.

long? how long must we wait? "How long? how long must we wait?"

"How long? how long must we wait?" The la-borers still are few;

Our Lord has need of you, How long? how long must we wait?

(Rev. Motte Martin, of Africa, recites the moving incident of a seeker after a teacher for his distant village who, when thrice refused, there being none to send, cried out in his brokenheartedness, in response to the answer, "You must wait;" "HOW LONG MUST WE WAIT? Oh, Teacher, ask the white man in your land, "HOW LONG MUST WE WAIT?"

Robert Lowry.

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Robert Lowry.

1. Low in the grave He lay—Je-sus my Sav-ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
 2. Vain-ly they watch His bed—Je-sus my Sav-ior! Vain-ly they seal the dead—
 3. Death can-not keep his prey—Je-sus my Sav-ior! He tore the bars a'-way—

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

Je-sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a-rose, (He a-rose,) With a
 might-y tri-umph o'er His foes; (He a-rose!) He a-rose a Vic-tor from the
 dark do-main, And He lives for-ev-er with His saints to reign. He a-
 rose! He a-rose! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ a-rose! A-MEN
 rit.
 He a-rose! He a-rose!

131 All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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Robert Lowry.

1. All the way my Sav - ior leads me; What have I to ask be - side?

2. All the way my Sav - ior leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav - ior leads me; Oh, the full - ness of His love!

Can I doubt His ten - der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?

Gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread.
Per - fect rest to me is prom - ised In my Fa - ther's house a - bove.

Heav'n - ly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!

Though my wear - y steps may fal - ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir - it, clothed im-mor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.

Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.

This my song thro' endless a-ges: Je-sus led me all the way; way. A - MEN.

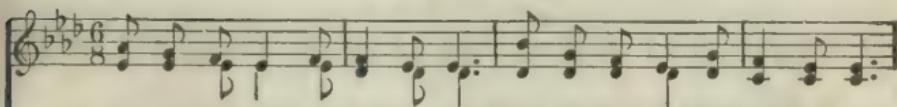
1
2

132 Open My Eyes, That I May See.

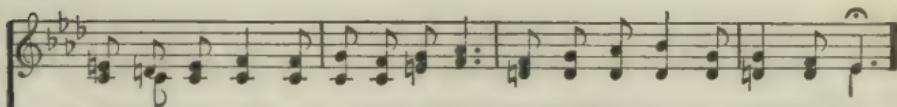
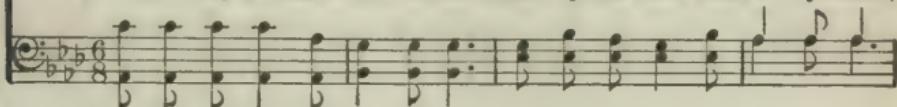
C. H. S.

Copyright, 1923, Renewal by H. F. Sayles.
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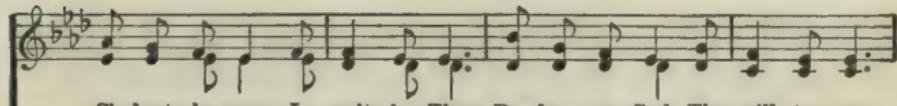
Chas. H. Scott.



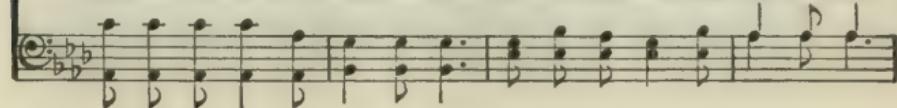
1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimps-es of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voi - ces of truth Thou send-est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev-'ry-where;



Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall un-clasp, and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will dis - ap-pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with Thy chil-dren thus to share.



Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;



O - pen my eyes, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
O - pen my ears, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
O - pen my heart, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine! A . MEN.

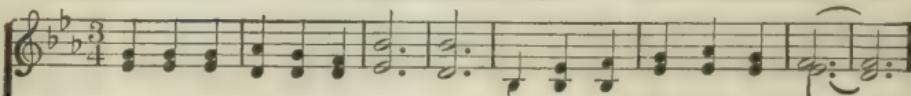


133 Give of Your Best to the Master.

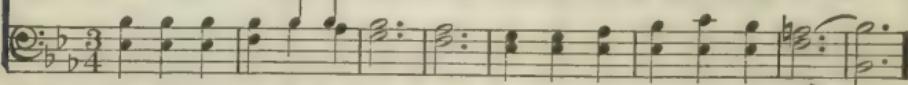
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Mrs. Charles Barnard.

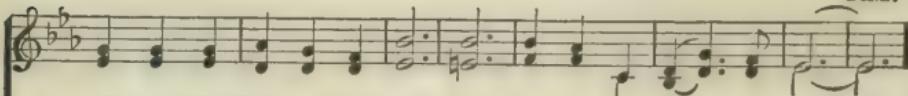


1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor - thy His love;

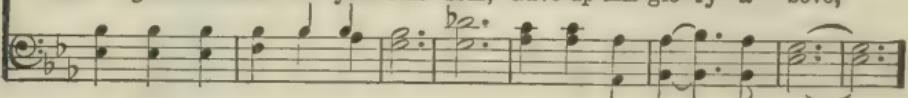


REF.—*Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;*

FINE.



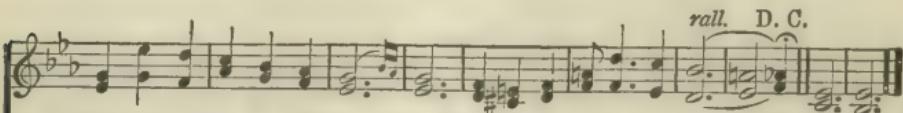
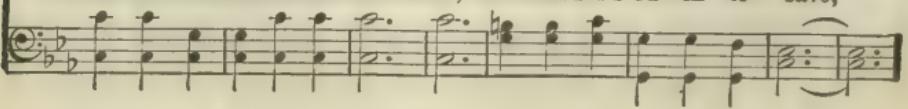
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con-se-crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him-self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove;



Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.



Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;



Give Him your loy-al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.
Grate-ful - ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's ad-o-ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have. A - MEN.



George O. Webster.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I need Je-sus, my need I now con-fess; No friend like Him in times of
 2. I need Je-sus, I need a friend like Him, A friend to guide when paths of
 3. I need Je-sus, I need Him to the end; No one like Him, He is the

deep dis-tress; I need Je-sus, the need I glad-ly own; Tho' some may bear their
 life are dim; I need Je-sus, when foes my soul assail; A lone I know I
 sin-ner's Friend; I need Je-sus, no oth-er friend will do; So con-stant, kind, so

CHORUS.

load a-lone, Yet I need Je-sus. I need Je-sus, I need Je-sus,
 can but fail, So I need Je-sus. strong and true, Yes, I need Je-sus. I need Je-sus with me, I need Je-sus al-ways,

I need Je-sus ev'-ry day; Need Him in the sun-shine hour,
 ev-ry day;

Need Him when the storm-clouds low'r; Ev'-ry day a-long my way, Yes, I need Je-sus.

A. H. A.

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A. H. Ackley.



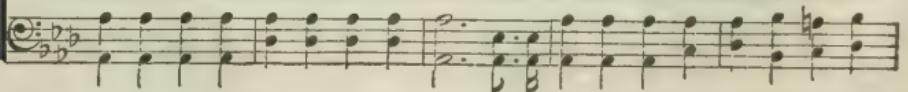
1. If you want to know the Sav-ior, Not an hour need you de - lay, He is
 2. If you want to know the Sav-ior, And the love that sat - is - fies, Find the
 3. If you want to know the Sav-ior, In that land of cloudless day, With its



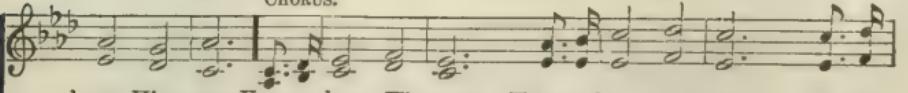
pleading, gently pleading, O accept Him while you may; Even now if you will
 joy of boundless measure, That His wondrous grace supplies, 'Tis for you the very
 bright su-per-nal glories, That shall never pass a-way; You must meet Him on life's



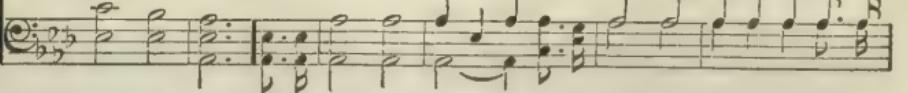
heed Him, At the cross of mer-cy bow, All your sin shall be for-giv - en, You can
 moment, When you make this holy vow, "I will take Him as my Savior," You can
 pathway; Place the crown upon His brow, Do not wait un-til tomorrow, You can



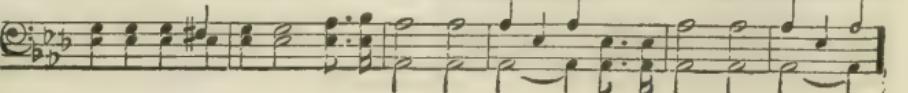
CHORUS.



know Him now. You can know Him now, You can know Him now, If you
 know Him now, know Him now, know Him now,



want to know the Savior, You can know Him now; You can know Him now,
 know Him now, know Him now,



You Can Know Him Now.

rit.

I will tell you how, If you take Him as your Savior, You can know Him now,
tell you how:

136

My Prayer.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. Take me, oh Lord, I now can see Thy precious will is best for me;
2. Mend me, oh Lord, with all my pride Let sel-fish plans be cru - ci - fied;
3. Make me, oh Lord, com-plete-ly Thine, Fill Thou my life with pow'r di - vine;

Just as I am, tho' weak and small, I yield my life, my all.
Oh, mend and purge this heart of mine, Give me a heart like Thine.
Own me, and use me, Lord, I pray, Thro'-out life's lit - tle day.

CHORUS.

Just as I am, oh take me, Bend me, oh Lord, or break me,

Mould me, oh Lord, and make me Af - ter Thy will di - vine.

137 Look for The Silver Lining.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.



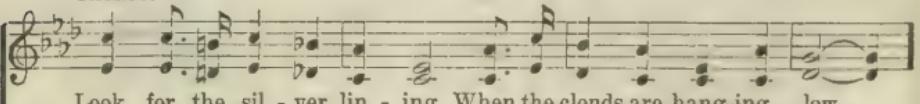
1. Tho' the dark clouds roll O'er your troubled soul, 'Somewhere the sun is shin-ing.'
 2. There's a rainbow bright From the throne of light, O-ver the clouds 'tis shining.
 3. Tho' the days are long, Sing a cheer-y song, Come from your sad re-pin-ing;



Nev-er doubt nor fear, Christ is al-ways near, Look for the sil - ver lin - ing.
 Soon its cheering ray Drives the clouds a-way, Look for the sil - ver lin - ing.
 God is on His throne Watching o'er His own, Look for the sil - ver lin - ing.



CHORUS.



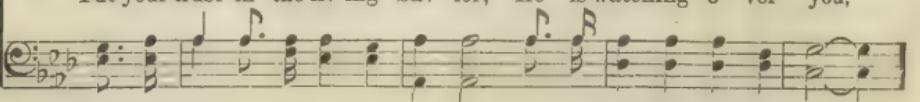
Look for the sil - ver lin - ing, When the clouds are hang-ing low,



Al-ways look for the sil - ver lin - ing, Sweeter joys your heart will know;



Put your trust in the liv-ing Sav - ior, He is watching o - ver you,



Look for The Silver Lining.



Always look for the sil - ver lin - ing, 'Till the sun comes shining thro'.



138

Glory Be To God.

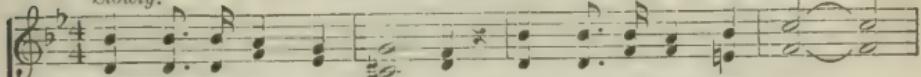
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B. B. McKinney.

Anon.

Slowly.



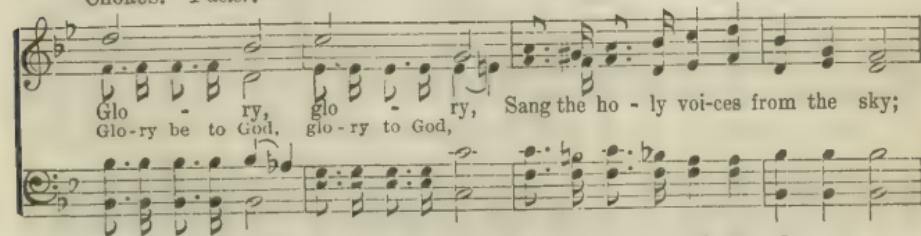
1. Soft - ly the night is fall - ing On Beth - le-hem's fair hill;
2. Come with the joy - ful shep - herds, Leav - ing their peace-ful fold;
3. Ye who are worn and wea - ry, Come with the cra - dile - throng;



Si - lent the shep - herds watch - ing, Their gen - tle flocks are still.
Come with the wise - men bring - ing Their in - cense, myrrh and gold.
Bring Him your heart's de - vo - tion, Join in the an - gel's song.



CHORUS. *Faster.*



Glo - ry, glo - ry, Sang the ho - ly voi - ces from the sky;
Glo - ry be to God, glo - ry to God,

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.
Glo - ry be to God, glo - ry be to God,



B. B. McK.
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B. B. McKinney.

1. In a land of sin and doubt, Where the Master's crowded out, Do you
 2. Lonely hearts are sad and drear, Long-ing for a word of cheer, They have
 3. Man-y lost ones in the night Turn their eyes to-ward your light; Does its

stand a-mong the faith-ful, brave and true? Do you live for God and right,
 lost the joy in Je - sus they once knew; Do you light-ly pass them by,
 gleam re-flect the Sav - ior kind and true? Does it lead them to His side,

Do you fal-ter in the fight, Is the world a bet-ter place because of you? . . .
 Are you heedless of their cry, Is the world a bet-ter place because of you? . . .
 Do you in His will a - bide, Is the world a bet-ter place because of you? . . .

CHORUS.

Is the world a bet-ter place be-cause of you? Do you
 be-cause of you?

stand among the faithful, brave and true? Can the lost see Christ in you,
 the brave and true?

Because of You.

Does your life ring true, Is the world a bet-ter place because of you? . . .
of you?

140

Nothing Between.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY C. A. TINDLEY.

Words and Music by C. A. Tindley.

Arr. by F. A. Clark.

1. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav - ior, Naught of this world's de-
2. Noth-ing be-tween like world - ly pleas-ure; Hab - its of life, though
3. Noth-ing be-tween, e'en man-y hard tri - als, Though the whole world a-

lu - sive dream; I have re-nounced all sin - ful pleas-ure, Je - sus is
harmless they seem, Must not my heart from Him ev - er sev - er, — He is my
against me con-vene; Watching with prayer and much self-denial, I'll tri-umph at

D. S.—Keep the way

FINE CHORUS.

mine; let noth-ing be-tween.
all, let noth-ing be-tween. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav - ior,
last, with noth-ing be-tween.
clear! Let noth-ing be-tween.

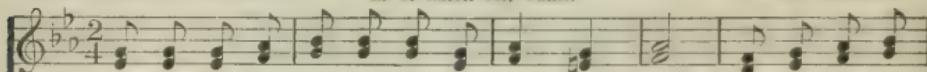
D. S.

So that His blessed face may be seen; Nothing preventing the least of His favor,

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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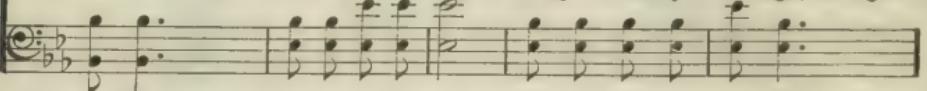
E. O. Excell.



1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
 2. Are you ev - er bur-den-ed with a load of care? Does the cross seem
 3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
 4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-



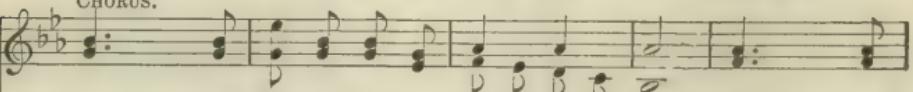
cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - 'ry
 prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey
 cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels



one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
 doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
 can - not buy Your re-ward in Heav-en, nor your home on high.
 will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour-ney's end.



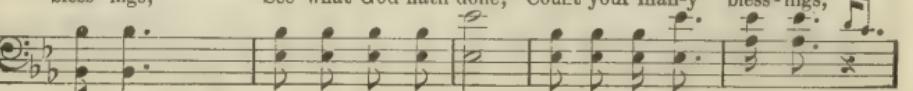
CHORUS.



Count your bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your
 Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y



bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
 bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless-ings,



Count Your Blessings.

rit. *a tempo.*

Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done. A-MEN.

142 There's No friend Like Jesus.

M. J. B.

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M. J. Babbitt.

1. There's no friend to me like Je - sus, He my ev - ry nee sup - plies;
2. All, yes, all to me is Je - sus, Blest Re-deem-er, Sav - ior, Guide,
3. I will nev - er cease to love Him, He who died to set me free;

He not on - ly saves but keeps me, Noth - ing good from me de - nies.
And from ev - 'ry foe de - fends me, And in Him I'll ev - er hide.
Now in Him I am a - bid - ing, And some day His face I'll see.

CHORUS.

Yes, in Him I'm ful - ly trust - ing, Yes, thro' Him I'll con-quer all;

For I know He saves and keeps me, And He'll nev - er let me fall. A-MEN.

C. A. M.

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C. Austin Miles.

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
 2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
 3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me, I am safe-ly
 4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His

sins of earth be-set on ev'-ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
 bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand; Safe am I with-in the cas-tle
 sheltered here, pro-tec-ted by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shining,
 bless-ed voice, I see the way He planned; Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I

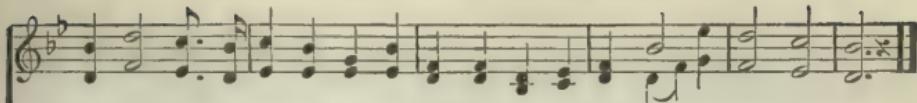
vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land.
 of God's word re-treat-ing, Nothing there can reach me—'tis Beu-lah Land.
 herethere'snaughtcan harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beu-lah Land.
 learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beu-lah Land.

CHORUS.

I'm liv-ing on the moun-tain, un-der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm
 Praise God!

drink-ing at the foun-tain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feast-ing on the

Dwelling In Beulah Land.



man-na from a boun-ti-ful sup-ply, For I am dwell-ing in Beau-lah Land.

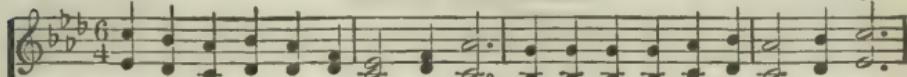
144

Lord, Send a Revival.

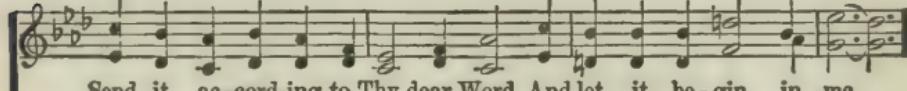
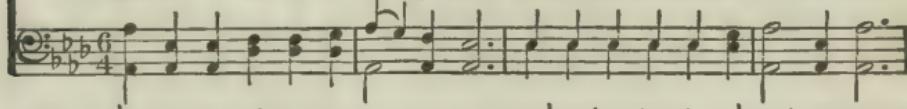
B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

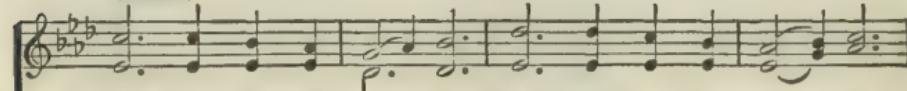


1. Send a re-viv-al, O Christ, my Lord, Let it go o-ver the land and sea,
2. Send a re-viv-al among Thine own, Help us to turn from our sins a-way,
3. Send a re-viv-al to those in sin, Help them, O Je-sus, to turn to Thee,
4. Send a re-viv-al in ev-'ry heart, Draw the world nearer, O Lord, to Thee,

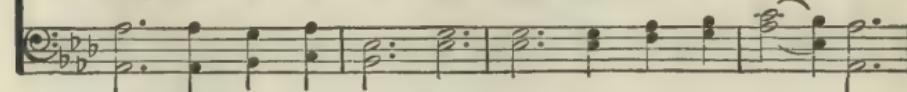


Send it ac-cord-ing to Thy dear Word And let it be-gin in me.
Let us get near-er the Father's throne, Re-vive us a-gain, we pray.
Let them the new life in Thee be - gin, Oh, give them the vic-to-ry.
Let Thy sal - va-tion true joy im-part And let it be-gin in me.

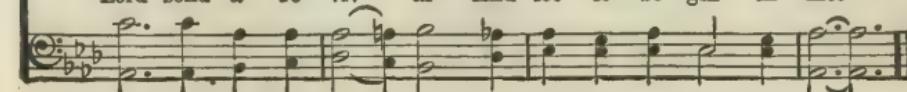
CHORUS.



Lord, send a re - viv - al, Lord, send a re - viv - al,



Lord send a re - viv - al And let it be - gin in me.



T. O. Chisholm.
Not fast.Copyright, 1917, by The Heidelberg Press.
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C. Harold Lowden.

1. Liv-ing for Je-sus a life that is true, Striv-ing to please Him in
 2. Liv-ing for Je-sus who died in my place, Bear-ing on Cal-v'ry my
 3. Liv-ing for Je-sus wher-ev-er I am, Do-ing each du-t-y in
 4. Liv-ing for Je-sus thro' earth's lit-tle while, My dear-est treas-ure, the

all that I do, Yield-ing al-le-giance, glad-heart-ed and free,
 sin and dis-grace, Such love con-strains me to an-swer His call,
 His ho-ly name, Will-ing to suf-fer af-flic-tion or loss,
 light of His smile, Seek-ing the lost ones He died to re-deem,

*CHORUS. Unison. A little slower.

This is the path-way of bless-ing for me.
 Fol-low His lead-ing and give Him my all. O Je-sus, Lord and
 Deeming each tri-al a part of my cross.
 Bringing the wea-ry to find rest in Him.

Sav-ior, I give my-self to Thee; For Thou, in Thy A-tone-ment, Didst
 give Thy-self for me; I own no oth-er Mas-ter, My heart shall be Thy

*NOTE.—Melody in lower notes. A two-part effect may be had by having the men sing the melody, the women taking the middle notes.

Living for Jesus.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics "throne, My life I give, hence-forth to live, O Christ, for Thee a - lone." are written below the notes. A ritardando sign (rit.) is placed above the top staff.

146

(The Great Physician!)

Wm. Hunter.

J. H. Stockton.

Musical score for two voices. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics of the first four stanzas of the hymn are listed below the notes.

1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus,
2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus,
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;

He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to Heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless - ed Sav-iор's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charm-ing name of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Musical score for two voices. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics of the refrain are listed below the notes.

Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue;
Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus. A - MEN.

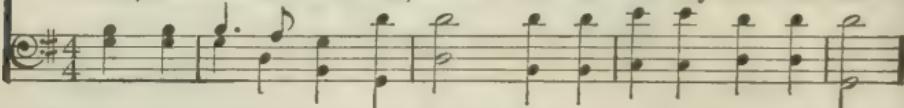
Charles Wesley.

Mendelssohn. 7s. D.

Mendelssohn.



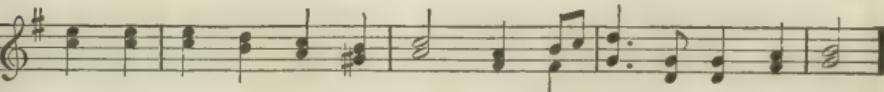
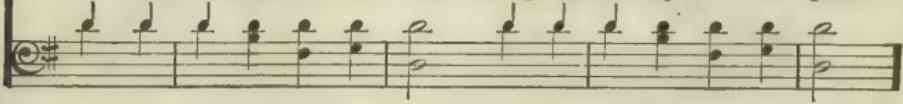
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high-est Heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:
3. Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!
4. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come! Fix in us Thy hum - ble home:



Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled." Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir-gin's womb. Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings: Rise, the wom-an's con-qu'ring seed, Bruise in us the ser - pent's head;



Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies; Veiled in flesh the God-head see, Hail th' in-car-nate De - i - ty! Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die; Ad - am's like-ness now ef - face, Stamp Thine im-age in its place:



With an - gel - ic hosts pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem." Pleased as man with men to ap-pear, Je - sus our Im-man - uel here. Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth. Sec - ond Ad - am from a - bove, Re - in - state us in Thy love.



Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

Musical notation for the hymn "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing." It consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The melody is simple and melodic, typical of early 19th-century church music.

Hark! the her - ald an-gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King." A-MEN.

148 Silent Night! Holy Night!

Rev. Joseph Mohr.

Christmas Carol.

Franz Gruber.

Musical notation for "Silent Night! Holy Night!" It consists of three staves. The top staff is in G major, the middle staff is in C major, and the bottom staff is in G major. The music includes a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a prominent bass line on the bottom staff. The melody is more complex than the first hymn, reflecting its status as a well-known Christmas Carol.

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is dark, save the light Yon - der,
2. Si - lent night! Peaceful night! Dark-ness flies, all is light; Shep-herds
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Guid - ing Star, lend thy light! See the
4. Si - lent night! Ho-liest night! Wondrous Star, lend thy light! With the

Continuation of the musical notation for "Silent Night! Holy Night!" It consists of three staves. The top staff shows a continuation of the melody, while the middle and bottom staves provide harmonic support. The lyrics continue from the previous list:

where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep
hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
East - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
an - - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!

rallentando.

Final section of the musical notation for "Silent Night! Holy Night!" It consists of three staves. The top staff shows a final cadence, while the middle and bottom staves provide harmonic support. The lyrics continue:

Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ the Sav - ior born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born."
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born! A - MEN.

Kate Hankey.

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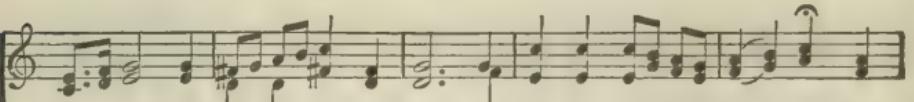
W. H. Doane.



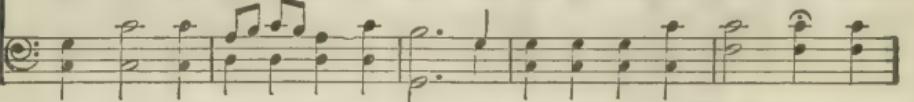
1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear-nest tones and grave; Re-mem-ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's



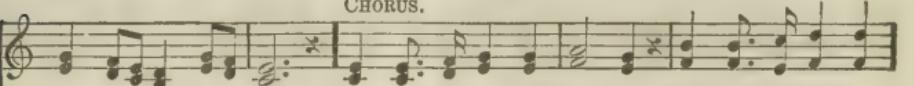
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp-tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's



sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And
oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear-ly dew" of morn-ing Has
al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A
glo - ry Is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry: "Christ



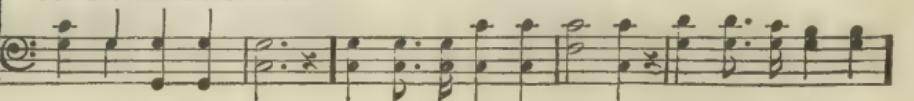
CHORUS.



help - less and de - filed.

passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
com - fort-er to me.

Je - sus makes thee whole."



Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Musical notation for 'Tell Me the Old, Old Story' in common time. The melody consists of two staves of music with various notes and rests.

Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A - MEN.

150 May Jesus Christ Be Praised.

From the German.

Sir Joseph Barnby.

Musical notation for 'May Jesus Christ Be Praised' in common time. The melody consists of two staves of music with various notes and rests.

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries:
2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs:
3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find:
4. In Heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The love - liest strain is this:
5. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,

Musical notation for 'May Jesus Christ Be Praised' in common time. The melody consists of two staves of music with various notes and rests.

- May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work and prayer
May Je - sus Christ be praised; When e - vil thoughts mo - lest,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Or fades my earth - ly bliss,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; The pow'r's of dark - ness fear,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Be this th' e - ter - nal song,

Musical notation for 'May Jesus Christ Be Praised' in common time. The melody consists of two staves of music with various notes and rests.

- To Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
With this I shield my breast: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
My com - fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
When this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
Thro' all the a - ges on: May Je - sus Christ be praised. A-MEN.

Musical notation for 'May Jesus Christ Be Praised' in common time. The melody consists of two staves of music with various notes and rests.

C. A. M.

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C. Austin Miles.



1. It may be in the val-ley, where count-less dan-gers hide; It may be
 2. It may be I must car - ry the bless-ed word of life A - cross the
 3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While oth-ers
 4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judg-ments of the Lord, It is but



in the sun-shine that I, in peace, a - bide; But this one thing I know—if
 burn-ing des-erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
 bear their bur-dens a-cross the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him—con-
 mine to fol - low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or



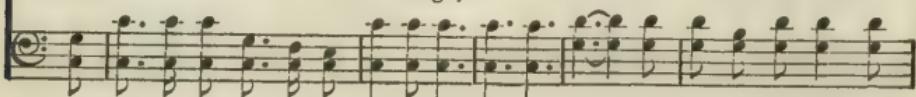
it be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
 bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!
 fess my judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll go an - y - where!
 whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - ior, con-tent an - y - where!



CHORUS.



If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go, . . . An - y - where! 'Tis heaven to me, Where
 I'll go,



If Jesus Goes With Me.

e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv-i-lege here.... His
His cross, His

cross to bear;.. If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An - y - where!
cross, His cross to bear;

152

Pass Me Not.

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Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

1. { Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav - ior, Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,(Omit.....) Do not pass me by.
2. { Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,(Omit.....) Help my un-be-lief.
3. { Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded,broken spir-it,(Omit.....) Save me by Thy grace.
4. { Thou the Spring of all my comfort,More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?(Omit.....) Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

D.S.—While on others Thou art call-ing,(Omit.....) Do not pass me by.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;

153 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

Margaret. 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

A. L. Pease.

- 1 O Love that wilt not let me go,
2. O Light that fol-l'west all my way,
3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain,
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head,

I rest my wear-y soul in
I yield my flick'ring torch to
I can-not close my heart to
I dare not ask to hide from

Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine
Thee; My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy
Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the
Thee; I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the

o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er, fair - er be.
prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be. A - MEN.

154

Over the Line.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

O - ver the line, O - ver the line, Step o - ver the line to Je - sus;

Over the Line.



155 There's a Great Day Coming.

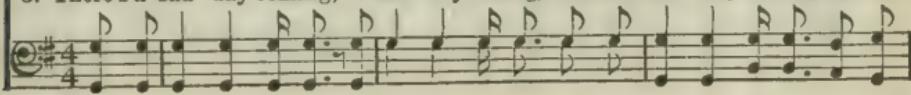
W. L. T.

USED BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO.

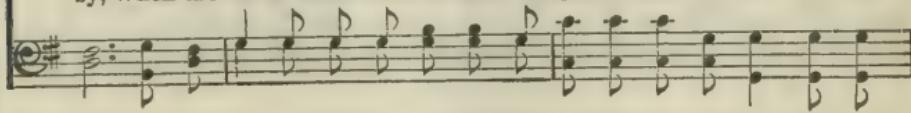
Will L. Thompson.



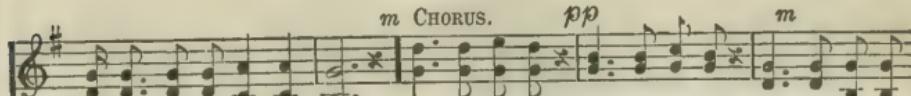
1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day coming by and
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day coming by and
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day coming by and



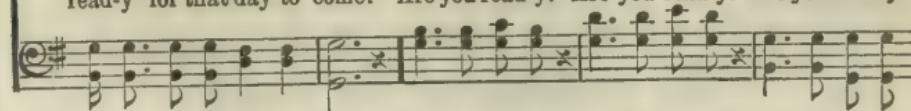
by; When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left, Are you
by; But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you
by; When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I know ye not," Are you



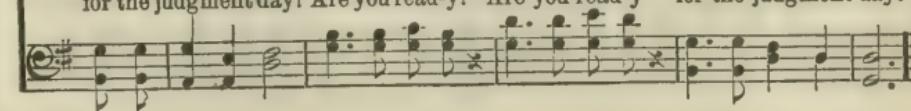
m CHORUS.



read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y



for the judgment day? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judgment day?



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Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

6

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun - tain,
 2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing ev - er,

6

Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's moun - tain.
 There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Shed His beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.

REFRAIN.

6

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er,

6

Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

6

157 The Sunshine of My Heart.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

4

Je - sus is the sun-shine of my heart, Je - sus is the sun-shine of my heart,

4

The Sunshine of My Heart.



Joy and peace e - ter-nal He doth im-part, Je-sus is the sun-shine of my heart.

158 When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Mrs. J. G. Wilson.



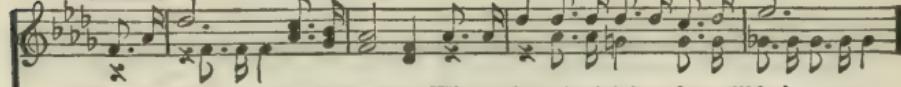
1. Sing the won-drous love of Je-sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faithful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On-ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be-hold;



In the man-sions bright and bless-ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo-ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
1. for us a place.



CHORUS.



When we all get to heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all What a day of rejoicing that will be!



When we all see Jesus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to-ry.....
When we all and shout the vic-to-ry.



Frances R. Havergal.

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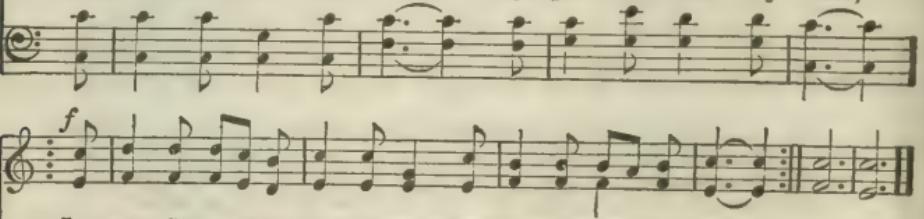
P. P. Bliss.



1. I gave My life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo-ry-cir-cled throne
3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a-bove,



- That thou might'st ransomed be, And quick-ened from the dead;
 I left, for earth-ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
 Of bit-t'rest ag-o-ny, To res-cue thee from hell;
 Sal-va-tion full and free, My par-don and My love;



- I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me? A-MEN.



160 A Charge to Keep I Have.

Charles Wesley.

Boylston. S. M.

Lowell Mason.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy, Who
2. To serve the pres-ent age, My call-ing to ful-fill, O
3. Arm me with jeal-ous care, As in Thy sight to live, And
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy grace re-l-y, As-



A Charge to Keep I Have.



gave His Son my soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
may it all my pow'r en-gage To do my Mas - ter's will.
O Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre-prepare A strict ac-count to give.
sured Thou'l not my trust be-tray, Nor shall I ev - er die. A - MEN.

161

Jesus Loves Even Me.

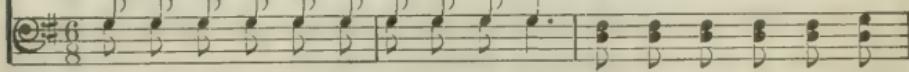
P. P. B.

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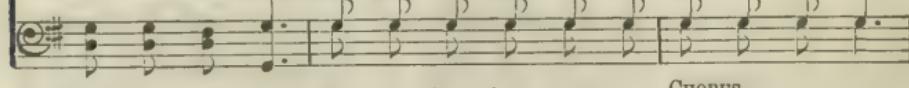
P. P. Bliss.



1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth love me wher-
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I



Book He has giv'n, Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see;
ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
see the Great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be:



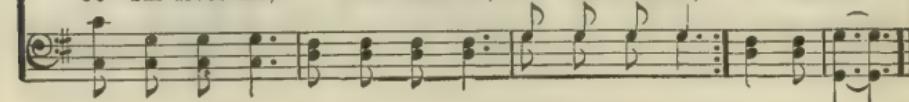
CHORUS.



This is the dear - est - that Je - sus loves me.
When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me, I am so glad that
"Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!"



Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; e - ven me.



G. F. R.

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Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay?
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv-ing with-in?
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er?— The har-vest is pass-ing a - way,

Your Sav - ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
 There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
 Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va - tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?
 Your Sav - ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now? A - MEN.

163 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight.

St. Thomas. S. M.

Aaron Williams, Coll.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.



The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra - ven on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n. A-MEN.

164

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

Musical notation for the hymn 'Only Trust Him.' featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
 3. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

Musical notation for the hymn 'Only Trust Him.' featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are full - y blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

Musical notation for the chorus of 'Only Trust Him.' featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The first section of the chorus is labeled '1' and the second section is labeled '2'.

{On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now; }
 {He will save you. He will save you. He will (Omit . . .) save you now. A-MEN.

Anonymous.

Gordon. 115.

A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art
 par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the thorns on Thy
 long as Thou lendest me breath; And say when the death-dew lies cold on my
 dore Thee in Heaven so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my

Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A - MEN.

William Cowper.

Balmera. C. M.

Robt. Simpson.

1. Oh, for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame; A
 2. Where is the bless-ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where
 3. What peace-ful hours I once en - joyed! How sweet their mem'ry still! But
 4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest; I

Oh, for a Closer Walk.



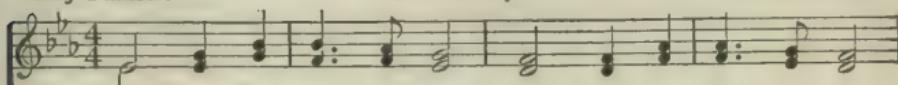
light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and His word?
they have left an ach-ing void The world can nev-er fill.
hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast. A-MEN.

167 My faith looks Up to Thee.

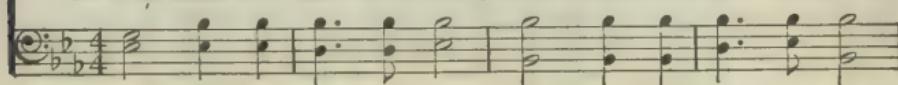
Ray Palmer.

Olivet. 6. 4.

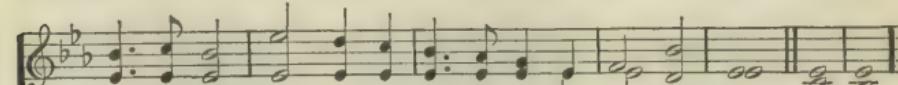
Lowell Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And grieves a-round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream



Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-



guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv-ing fire!
tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.
trust re-move; O bear me safe a-bove, A ran-somed soul! A-MEN.

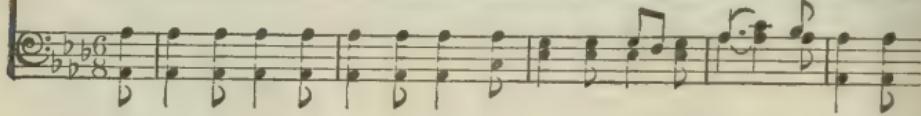


168 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

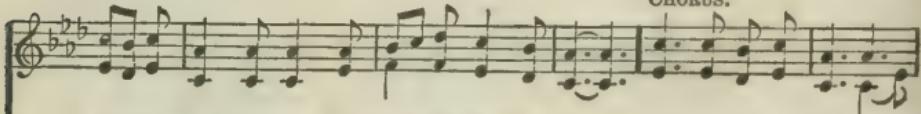
How I Love Jesus. C. M.



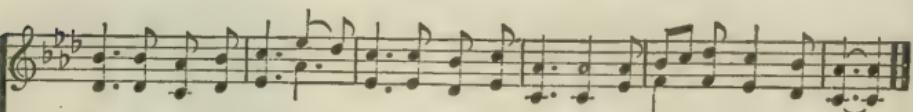
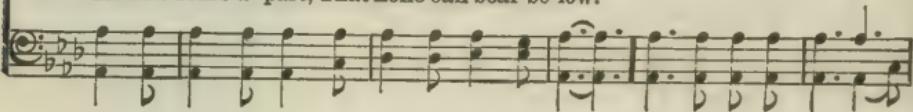
1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Savior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Father hath In store for ev'-ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each



CHORUS.



mu-sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je-sus,
tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.



Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus, Because He first loved me.

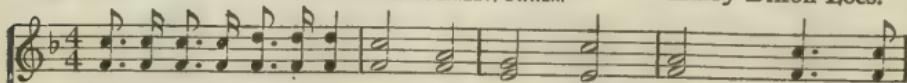


169 Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

H. D. L.

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Harry Dixon Loes.



Ev'-ry-body ought to love Je-sus, Je-sus, Je-sus; He
Je-sus Christ the won-der-ful Sav-i-or;



Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The lyrics "died on the cross to save us from sin, Ev-'ry-bod-y ought to love Je - sus." are written below the notes.

170

Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The lyrics for the first four lines are: 1. What can wash a-way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus; 2. For my par-don this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus; 3. Noth-ing can for sin a-tone— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus; 4. This is all my hope and peace— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;

A continuation of the musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics for the next four lines are: What can make me whole a-gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus. For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus. Naught of good that I have done— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus. This is all my right-eous-ness— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.

REFRAIN.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The lyrics for the refrain are: Oh! pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow; No oth-er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus. A-MEN.

Phillips Brooks.

St. Louis.

Lewis H. Redner.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gathered all a-bove, While mortal sleep, the
 3. How si-lent-ly, how si-lent-ly, The wondrous gift is giv'n! So God imparts to
 4. O ho-ly Child of Beth-le-hem! De-scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin, and

dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ev-er-an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn-ing stars, togeth - er Proclaim the hu-man hearts The blessings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His coming. But in this en - ter in; Be born in us to-day. We hear the Christmas angels The great glad

lasting Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
 ho - ly birth! And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
 ti - dings tell; O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em-man-u-el. A-MEN.

172 I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.

Henry W. Longfellow.

Waltham. L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin.

1. I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old fa - mil - iar car - ols play,
 2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bel - fries of all Chris - ten - dom
 3. And in de-spair I bowed my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said,
 4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
 5. Till, ring - ing, sing-ing on its way, The world revolved from night to day,

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.



And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
Had rolled along th' unbroken song Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good-will to men."
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail, With peace on earth, good-will to men:
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime, Of peace on earth, good-will to men! A-MEN.



173 While Shepherds Watched Their flocks.

Nahum Tate.

Christmas. C. M.

George F. Händel.



1. While shep - herds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed
2. "Fear not!" said he; for might - y dread Had seized their
3. "To you, in Da - vid's town, this day Is born, of
4. "The heav'n - ly babe you there shall find To hu - man
5. "All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the



on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down,
troubl-ed mind., "Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring,
Da - vid's line, The Sav - ior, who is Christ the Lord;
view dis - played, All mean - ly wrapped in swath - ing - bands,
earth be peace: Good - will hence-forth from heav'n to men,



And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.
To you and all man - kind, To you and all man - kind.
And this shall be the sign: And this shall be the sign:
And in a man - ger laid: And in a man - ger laid."
Be - gin and nev - er cease: Be - gin and nev - er cease!" A-MEN.



174 Brethren, We Have Met to Worship.

Geo. Atkins.

Holy Manna. 8s. 7s.

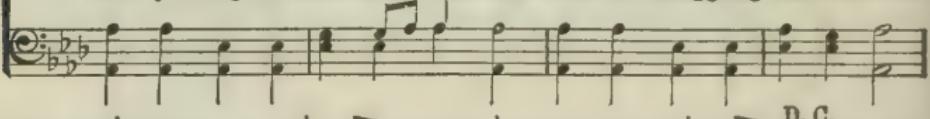
Arr.
FINE.



1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor - ship, And a - dore the Lord our God;
 D. C.—Breth-ren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
 2. Breth-ren, see poor sin - ners round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe;
 D. C.—Breth-ren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
 3. Sis - ters, will you join and help us? Mo - ses' sis - ter aid - ed him;
 D. C.—Sis - ters, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.



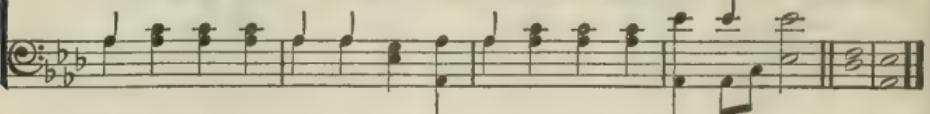
Will you pray with all your pow - er, While we try to preach the word?
 Death is com - ing, hell is mov - ing, Can you bear to let them go?
 Will you help the trem - bling mourners Who are struggling hard with sin?



D. C.



All is vain un - less the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;
 See our fa-thors and our mothers, And our chil-dren sink-ing down;
 Tell them all a - bout the Sav - ior, Tell them that He will be found; A-MEN.

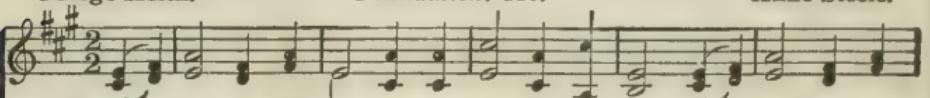


175 How firm a foundation.

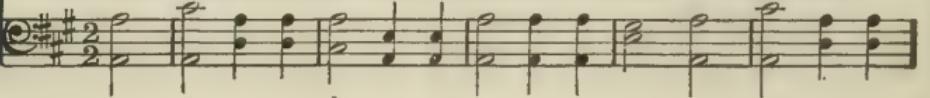
George Keith.

Foundation. 11s.

Anne Steele.



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. In ev - 'ry con-di - tion, in sick-ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's
 3. "When thro' fier-y tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all suf -
 4. "E'en down to old age, all My peo - ple shall prove My sov'reign, e -
 5. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I



How firm a foundation.

Musical score for "How firm a foundation." The score consists of two staves of music in G major, common time. The first staff uses a treble clef, and the second staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines.

faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth; At home and a - broad, on the
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee;—I
ter - nal, un - change-a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
will not de - sert to its foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
land, on the sea, As your days may demand, shall your strength ever be.
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos - om be borne.
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake!" A-MEN.

176

How firm a foundation.

[Second Tune.]

Portuguese Hymn. 115.

Unknown.

Musical score for "How firm a foundation." (Second Tune). The score consists of three staves of music in G major, common time. The staves are arranged vertically, with the top staff being the treble clef, the middle staff being the alto clef, and the bottom staff being the bass clef.

Augustus M. Toplady.

Toplady. 7s. 6l.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mand;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring. Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow.
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the doubl-e cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Vile, I to the foun-tain fly, Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.

Sarah F. Adams.

Bethany. 6. 4.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
 2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n: All that Thou
 4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me. My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
send - est me. In mer - ey giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me,
ston - y grieves Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for - got. Up - wards I'll fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

179 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

S. B. Marsh.

FINE

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone. Still sup - port and com - fort me!
3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
4. { Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
Let the heal-ing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure with-in.

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
D.C.—Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
D.C.—False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
D.C.—Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous - ness;
Thou of life the foun - tain art; Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Thomas Hastings.

Wesley. II. 10. II. 10.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
 2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Long by the
 3. Lo! in the des - er t rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
 4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean,—Praise to Je-

lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cent s of sor - row and
 proph-ets of Is - rael fore - told! Hail to the mil-lions from bondage re-
 co - pious are glid-ing a - long; Loud from the mountain-tops ech-oes are
 ho - vah as-cend-ing on high; Fall'n are the en-gines of war and com-

mourning; Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her glad reign.
 turn - ing, Gen - tiles and Jews the blest vi - sion be - hold!
 ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.
 mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend-ing the sky. A - MEN.

Fanny J. Crosby.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Silas J. Vail.

1. Thou, my ev - er - last-ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
 2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

Close to Thee.

FINE.

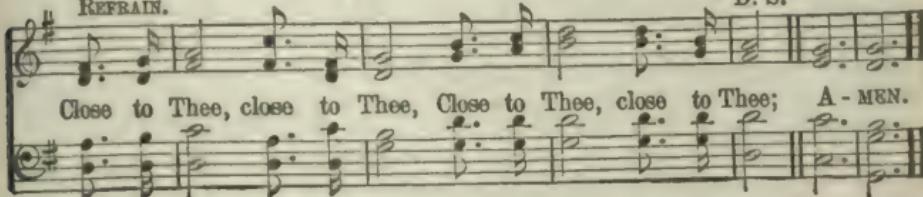


D.S.—All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.



REFRAIN.

D. S.



Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; A - MEN.

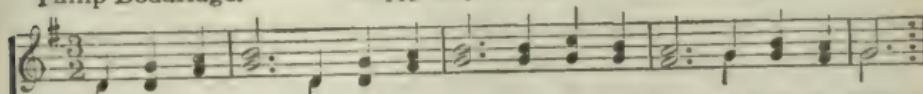
182

O Happy Day.

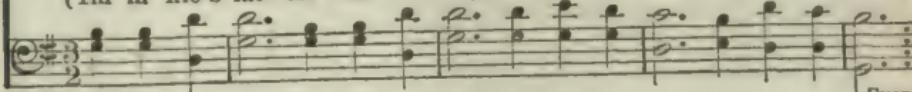
Philip Doddridge.

Happy Day. L. M.

E. F. Rimbault.

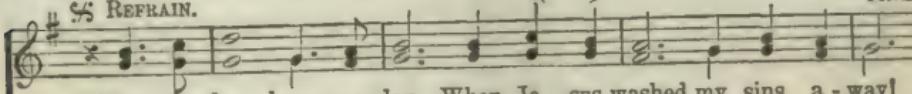


1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God! }
- { Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! }
- { Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move. }
3. { 'Tis done; the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and He is mine; }
- { He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di - vine. }
4. { High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow re - newed shall dai - ly hear, }
- { Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. }



REFRAIN.

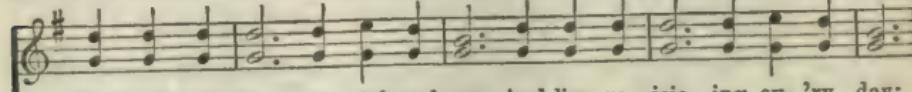
FINE



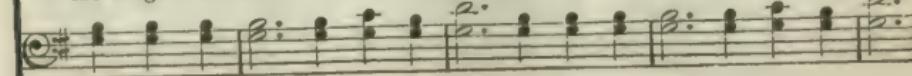
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!



D. S.



He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;



Joseph H. Gilmore.

He Leadeth Me.

He Leadeth Me. L. M.

William B. Bradbury.

1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'ly comfort franght!
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow - ers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea, — Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
 Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead - eth me:
 His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

Stand Up for Jesus.

G. Duffield.

Webb.

G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross, Lift high His
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump-et call o - bey; Forth to the
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus— Stand in His strength alone; The arm of

Stand Up for Jesus.

roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His
mighty con - flict, In this His glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him," A -
flesh will fail you—Yedare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And,
ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.
against unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose
watch-ing un - to prayer, Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er wanting there.

185

Footsteps of Jesus.

Mary B. C. Slade.

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OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

A. B. Everett.

1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come, fol - low me! And we see
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek-ing His sheep; Or a - long
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preaching the word; Or in homes
4. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done, We will rest

CHORUS.

where Thy footprints falling Lead us to Thee.
by Si - lo - am's fountains, Help-ing the weak: Footprints of Je - sus, that
of the poor and low - ly, Serv-ing the Lord:
where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.

make the pathway glow; We will fol-low the steps of Je-sus where'er they go.

Into My Heart.

CHORUS COPYRIGHT, 1924, HARRY D. CLARKE, OWNER.
VERSES COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY HARRY D. CLARKE.

Harry D. Clarke.

1. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, Come in - to my heart, I pray;
 2. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, I need Thee thro' life's dreary way;
 3. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, And take all my guilt a - way;
 4. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, O cleanse and il - lu - mine my soul;

My soul is so troub-led and wea - ry, Come in - to my heart to - day.
 The bur-den of sin is so heav - y, Come in - to my heart to stay.
 Then spotless I'll stand in Thy presence, When breaks Thine e-ter-nal day.
 Fill me with Thy won-der - ful Spir - it,, Come in and take full con - trol.

CHORUS.

In - to my heart, in - to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus;

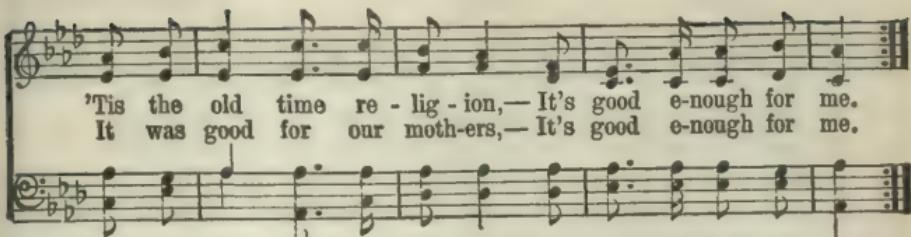
Come in to - day, come in to stay, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus.

Old Time Religion.

Arranged.

CHO.—'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,
 1. It was good for our moth - ers, It was good for our moth - ers,

Old-Time Religion.



'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,— It's good e-nough for me.
It was good for our moth-ers,— It's good e-nough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.

3 It has sav-ed our fathers.

4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.

5 It was good for the Hebrew children,

6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.

7 It was good for Paul and Silas.

8 It will do when I am dying.

9 It can take us all to heaven.

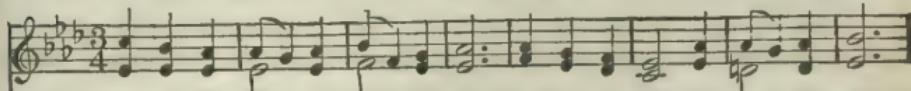
188

Faith of Our Fathers.

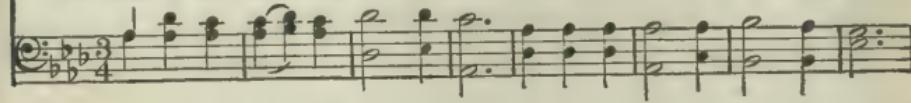
Frederick W. Faber.

St. Catherine. L. M. 6l.

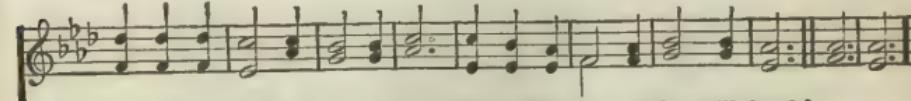
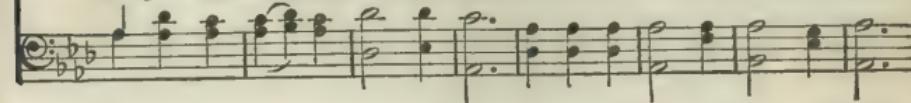
H. F. Hemy.



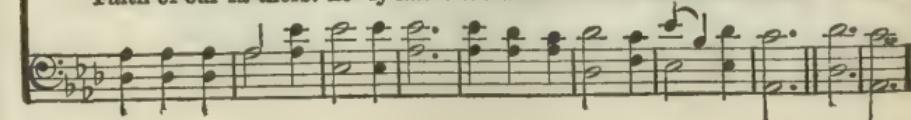
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:



O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:



Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death! A - MEN.



189 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett.

Ortonville. C. M.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Ma-jes-tic sweet-ness sits enthroned Up-on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with
 2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, Among the sons of men; Fair-er is
 3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re-lief; For me He
 4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me

radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
 He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.
 bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.
 tri-umph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

190 O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant.

Lyons. 10. 11.

Francis Joseph Haydn.

1. O wor-ship the King all - glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful ly
 2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
 3. Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
 4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
 light, whose can-o-py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep
 air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
 trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der! how

O Worship the King.



An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

191

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.



1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a -
3. Oh, pre - cious foun - tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun - tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the



FINE.



sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to His name.
bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His name.
en - tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His name.
Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com - plete; Glo - ry to His name.



D. S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to His name.

CHORUS.

D. S.



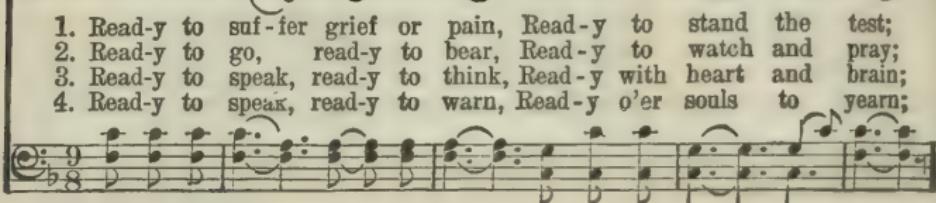
Glo - ry to His name,... Glo - ry to His name;....



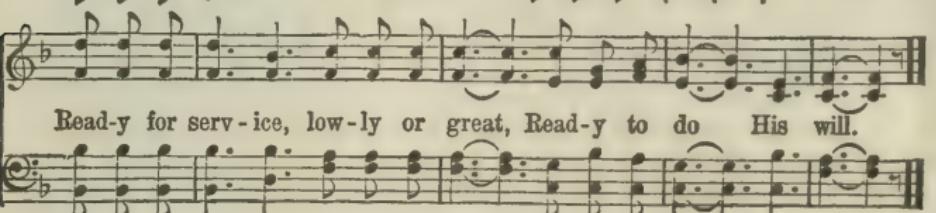
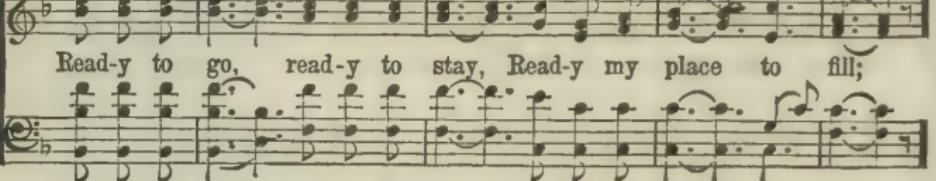
S. E. L.

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Charlie D. Tillman.

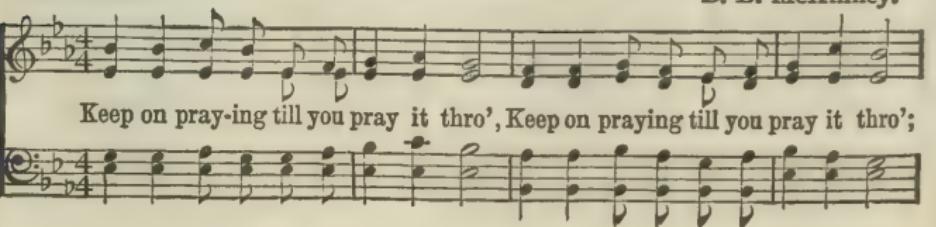


CHORUS.

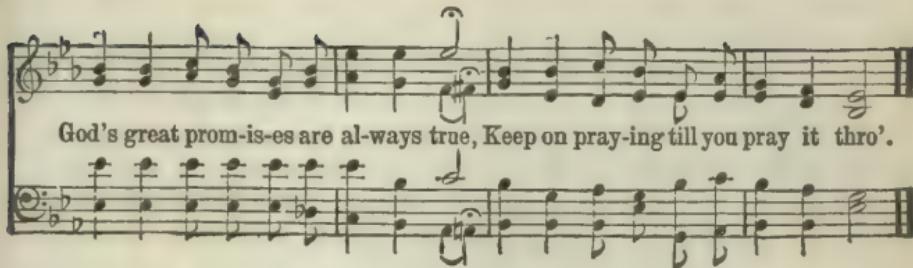


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B. B. McKinney.



Keep On Praying.



God's great prom-is-es are al-ways true, Keep on pray-ing till you pray it thro'.

194 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

Slowly.

Copyright, 1907, by Geo. C. Stebbins.
Hope Publishing Co., Owner.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold e'er my

Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me Aft - er Thy
try me, Mas-ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
wear - y, Help me, I pray! Pow - er-all pow - er-Sure-ly is
be - ing Ab - so - lute - sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall

will, While I am - wait - ing, Yield-ed and still.
now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum-bly I bow.
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!
see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me! **A - MEN.**

Ernest W. Schurtleff.

Lancashire. 7s. 6s. D.

Henry Smart.



1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! The day of march has come; Hence-
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! Till sin's fierce war shall cease. And
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! We fol - low, not with fears; For



forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home. Thro'
ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace; For
glad-ness breaks like morn - ing Wher-e'er Thy face ap - pears; Thy



days of prep - a - ra - tion, Thy grace has made us strong, And
not with swords loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums; But
cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour - ney in its light: The



now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
deeds of love and mer - cy The heav'n-ly king-dom comes.
crown a - waits the con - quest; Lead on, O God of might. A - MEN.

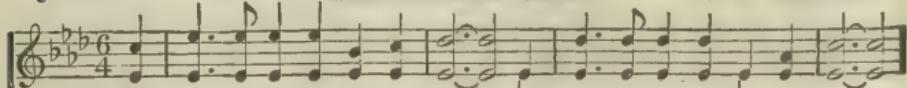


196 There's Only One Savior Who Saves.

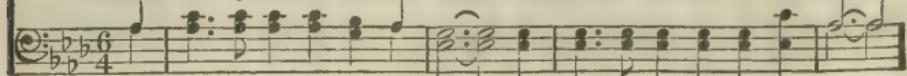
J. P. S.

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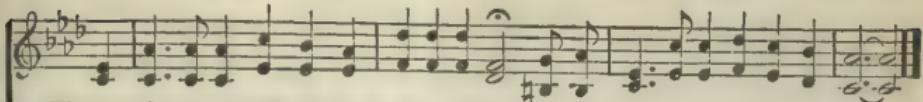
J. P. Scholfield.



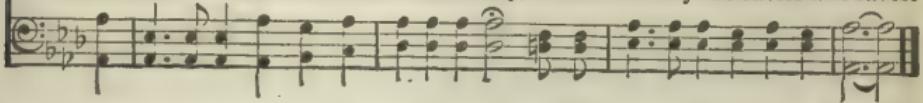
There's on - ly one Sav-ior who saves, There's on-ly one Sav-ior who saves;



There's Only One Savior Who Saves.



Then anchor your faith to Christ Jesus to-day, For there's only one Savior who saves.



197 Trusting Jesus, That is All.

E. P. Stites.

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Ira D. Sankey.



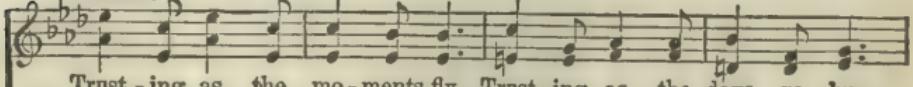
1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust-ing thro' a storm - y way;
2. Bright-ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray-ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trust-ing Him while life shall last, Trust-ing Him till earth is past;



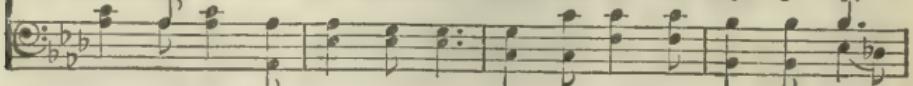
E - ven when my faith is small, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
While He leads I can - not fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.



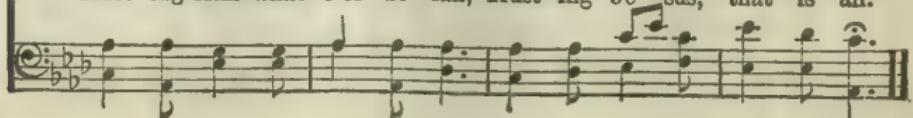
CHORUS.



Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust-ing as the days go by;



Trust-ing Him what-e'er be - fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.



198 Some Day He'll Make It Plain.

Lida Shivers Leech.

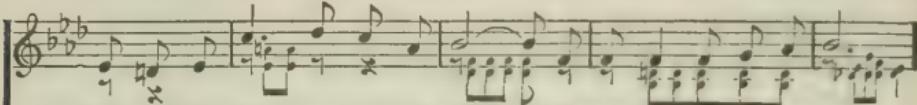
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Adam Geibel.

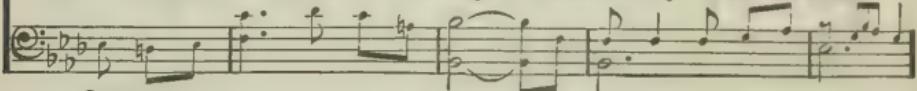
Solo, or all in unison



1. I do not know why oft 'round me My hopes all shattered seem to be;
2. I can-not tell the depth of love Which moves the Father's heart above,
3. Tho' trials come thro' passing days, My life will still be filled with praise;



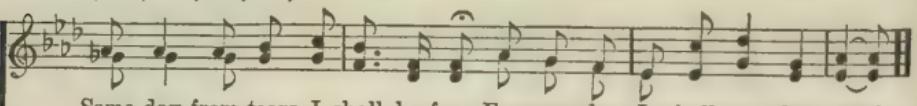
God's per-fect plan I can-not see, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.
My faith to test, my love to prove, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.
For God will lead thro' darkened ways, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.



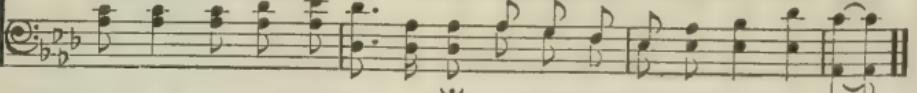
CHORUS



| Some day He'll make it plain to me, Some day when I His face shall see;



Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall un - der - stand.

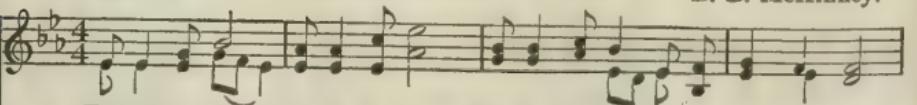


199 Tarry Ye Here.

B. B. McK.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

B. B. McKinney.



Tar-ry ye here, Tar-ry ye here, Tar-ry ye here till the pow'r comes down;



Tarry Ye Here.



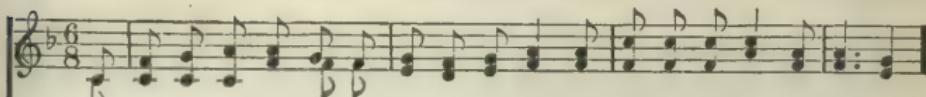
Pray and be - lieve, Free-ly re-ceive, Tar-ry ye here till the pow'r comes down.

200 The Light of the World Is Jesus.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. RENEWAL.

P. P. Bliss.



1. The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin, The Light of the world is Je - sus;
2. No darkness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The Light of the world is Je - sus;
3. Ye dwell-ers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes, The Light of the world is Je - sus;
4. No need of the sun-light in heaven we're told, The Light of that world is Je - sus;



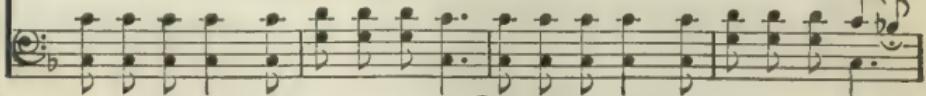
Like sunshine at noon-day His glo-ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
Go, wash, at His bidding, and light will a-rise, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
The Lamb is the Light in the Cit - y of Gold, The Light of that world is Je - sus.



CHORUS



Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me;



Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.



Harriet B. Stowe.

Consolation.

Arr. Mendelssohn.

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn-ing break - eth, When the bird
 2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys - tic shad - ows, The sol-emn
 3. As in the dawn - ing o'er the wave-less o - cean, The im-age
 4. When sinks the soul, sub - due-d by toil, to slum - ber, Its clos-ing
 5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn-ing, When the soul

wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn-ing, love - li-
 hush of na - ture new - ly born; A - lone with Thee in breath-less
 of the morn-ing-star doth rest; So in this still-ness, Thou be-
 eyes look up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the re - pose be -neath Thy
 wak - eth, and life's shad - ows flee; O in that hour, fair - er than

er than day-light, Dawns the sweet con -scious-ness, I am with Thee.
 ad - o - ra - tion, In the calm dew and fresh-ness of the morn.
 hold - est on - ly Thine im - age in the wa -ters of my breast.
 wings o'er-shad-ing, But sweet-er still, to wake and find Thee there.
 day-light dawn-ing, Shall rise the glo-rious tho't—I am with Thee. A-MEN.

Frederick W. Faber.

William H. Jude.

1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;
 2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more gra - ces for the good;
 3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ure of man's mind;
 4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word,

There's A Wideness.

There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior; There is heal - ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord.

203 Did You Think to Pray?

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

W. O. Perkins.

1. Ere you left your room this morn-ing Did you think to pray? In the name of
2. When you met with great temp-ta-tion Did you think to pray? By His dy - ing
3. When your heart was filled with anger Did you think to pray? Did you plead for
4. When sore tri-als came up - on you Did you think to pray? When your soul was

Christ, our Sav - ior, Did you sue for lov-ing fa - vor, As a shield to - day?
love and mer - it Did you claim the Ho - ly Spir - it As your guide and stay?
grace, my broth-er, That you might for-give an-oth - er Who had crossed your way?
bowed in sor - row, Balm of Gil - ead did you bor - row At the gates to - day?

CHORUS.

O how pray-ing rests the wea - ry! Prayer will change the night to day;

So, when life seems dark and drear - y, Don't for - get to pray.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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W. H. Doane.

1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, clinging close to Thee;
 2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
 3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
 Trusting Thee, I can-not s'ray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
 Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, brighter world a - bove.

D. S.—*May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clo - ser, clo - ser, Lord, to Thee.*

REFRAIN.

Ev'ry day, ev'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r; A-MEN.
 Ev'ry day and hour, ev'ry day and hour,

205 Take My Life, and Let It Be.

F. R. Havergal

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no long-er mine;

CHO.—*Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be*

Take My Life, and Let It Be.

D. C.

Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.

Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er-more to be.

206 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or tem-peст tossed,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
 Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
 Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D.S.—Some poor fainting, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave! A-MEN.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

CHORUS.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
 pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O, I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
 bide, Or life is vain.
 deed, Thou bless-ed Son.

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav-i-or, I come to Thee! A - MEN.

208 I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.)

J. Hart.

Arise. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Arr.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirst-y, come, and welcome, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav-y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
4. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;

CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;

I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

D. C. for Chorus.



Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re-pen-tance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar - ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev - er come at all.
All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him. A-MEN.



In the arms of my dear Savior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

209

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

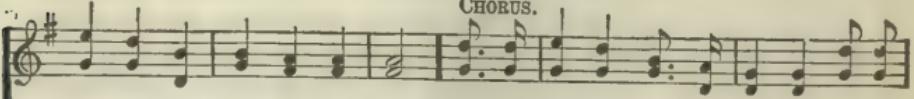
John J. Husband.



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-



CHORUS.

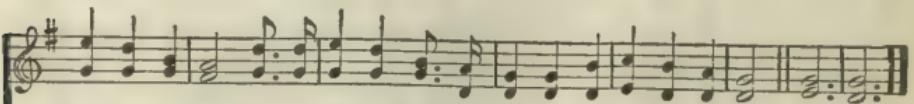
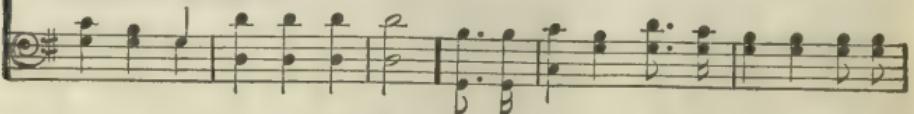


died, and is now gone a - bove.

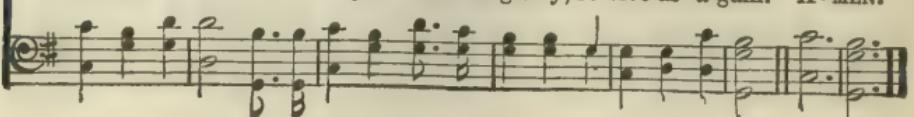
Sav - ior, and scat-tered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal-le-

sins, and hath cleansed ev-'ry stain.

kin-dled with fire from a - bove.

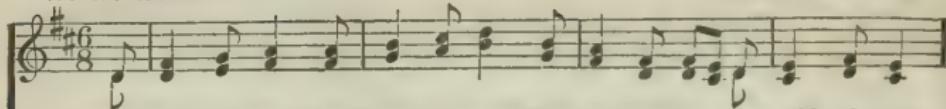


lu - jah! a-men; Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, re-vive us a-gain. A - MEN.



W. W. Walford.

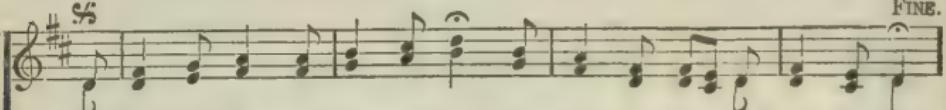
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joys I feel, the bliss I share
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe-ti - tion bear



FINE.



And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
Of those whose anx-ious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re - turn!
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless:



D.S.-And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.

D.S.-And glad-ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

D.S.-I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

D.S.



In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
With such I has - ten to the place Where God, my Sav - ior, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,



211 There Is No Name So Sweet.

George W. Bethune. *Sweetest Name.* 8. 7. 8. 7. William B. Bradbury.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in Heav - en,
2. 'Twas Ga-briel first that did pro-claim, To His most bless-ed moth - er,
3. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote H : name a - bove Him,
4. So now up - on His Father's throne, Al-might-y to re - lieve us



There Is No Name So Sweet.

FINE.

As that be - fore His won-drous birth To Christ the Sav - ior giv - en.
That name which now and ev - er - more We praise a - bove all oth - er.
That all might see the rea-son we For - ev - er-more must love Him.
From sin and pain, He ev - er reigns The Prince and Sav - ior, Je - sus.

D.S.—*For there's no word ear ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet as Je - sus.*

REFRAIN.

D. S.

We love to sing a - round our King, And hail Him bless - ed Je - sus;

212 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

Marcus M. Wells.

Faithful Guide. 7s. D.

Marcus M. Wells.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side;
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark - ness drear;
3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re - lease,
Noth-ing left but Heav'n and prayer, Wond'ring if our names were there:

D.C.—Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wan - d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.—Whis-per soft - ly, "Wan - d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.—Whis-per soft - ly, "Wan - d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

Wear - y souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

213 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts.

Arlington. C. M.

Thomas A. Arne.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow -'ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word. A - MEN.

214 My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

Benjamin Schmolck.

Jewett. 6. 6. 6. D. From C. M. von Weber.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
 3. My Je - sus as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing future scene

I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con - duct me
 Grow dim or dis-ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed
 I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!



as Thine own; And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
calmly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done. A-MEN.

215

Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte.

Eventide. 10s.

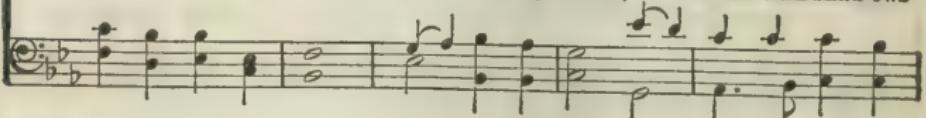
W. H. Monk.



1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep-ens;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour: What but Thy grace can
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and



Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts
glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I
foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy-self my guide and stay can
point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad-ows



flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
see: O Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O a - bide with me!
flee— In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - MEN.



R. E. Hudson.

I'll Live for Him.

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RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
 2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
 3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

D. C. for Chorus.

Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
 I'll con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God! A - MEN.

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per-sud - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-sud - ed"
 2. "Al - most per-sud - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-sud - ed,"
 3. "Al - most per-sud - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-sud - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
 turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
 doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is

Almost Persuaded.

A musical score for two voices and piano. The vocal parts are in G major, common time. The piano part is in common time. The lyrics describe a person's desire to follow God despite earthly distractions and failures.

go Thy way, Some more con-ven-i ent day On Thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'er, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al-most—but lost!" A - MEN.

218

Why Not Now?

EI Nathan.

Copyright, 1919, Renewal.
Homer A. Rodeheaver, Owner.

C. C. Case.

A musical score for two voices and piano. The vocal parts are in G major, common time. The piano part is in common time. The lyrics encourage people to turn to Christ.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fess - ion make; Come to Christ and par - don take;

A continuation of the musical score for 'Why Not Now?' in G major, common time. It features a piano accompaniment with a melodic line.

While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

A musical score for two voices and piano. The vocal parts are in G major, common time. The piano part is in common time. The lyrics repeat the invitation to trust in Christ.

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now? sus now? A - MEN.
Why not now? why not now?

A continuation of the musical score for 'Why Not Now?' in G major, common time. It features a piano accompaniment with a melodic line.

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now? sus now? A - MEN.
Why not now? why not now?

219

Sun of My Soul.

John Keble.

Hursley. L. M.

Peter Ritter.

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-i-or dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-y eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
 4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
 Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-i-or's breast!
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in Heaven a-bove. A-MEN.

220

Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

Nicaea. 11. 12. 12. 10.

Rev. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
 3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
 gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u - bim and ser-a-phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Holy, Holy, Holy.



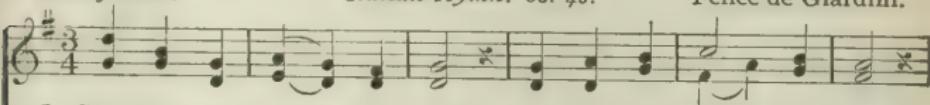
Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty! A - MEN.

221 Come, Thou Almighty King.

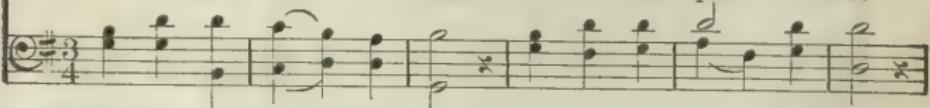
Anonymous.

Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.

Felice de Giardini.



1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be



Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more. His sov - reign maj - es - ty May we in



to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore. A - MEN.



I've found a friend.

J. G. Small.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
 2. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
 3. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! So kind and true and ten - der;

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
 And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
 So wise a Coun - sel - or and Guide, So mighty a De - fend - er!

And round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er;
 Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er;
 From Him who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul shall sev - er?

For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
 Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

223 When Jesus forgives He forgets.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

When Je-sus for-gives He for - gets, When Je-sus for-gives He for - gets;

When Jesus Forgives He Forgets.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics "All sins of yore He remembers no more; When Jesus forgives He for-gets." are written below the staves.

All sins of yore He remembers no more; When Jesus forgives He for-gets.

224 from the Uttermost to the Uttermost.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics "Saved from the uttermost depths of de-spair; Saved to e - ter - nal pro-tec-tion and care;" are written below the staves.

1. Saved from the uttermost depths of de-spair; Saved to e - ter - nal pro-tec-tion and care;
2. Saved from the uttermost; Je - sus is near, Keep-ing me, guid-ing me, casting out fear;
3. Saved from the uttermost; glad-ly I sing Prais-es to Je - sus, my Sav-ior and King;

A continuation of the musical score for two voices. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics "Cleansed by the blood of my Sav-ior di-vine; Saved to the ut-ter-most, Je-sus is mine." are written below the staves.

Cleansed by the blood of my Sav-ior di-vine; Saved to the ut-ter-most, Je-sus is mine.

An - chored se-ure - ly, I nev - er can fall; Saved to the ut-ter-most, He is my all.

"Ransomed and pardoned, redeemed by His blood, Saved to the ut-ter-most, glo-ry to God."

A continuation of the musical score for two voices. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics "CHORUS" are written above the staves.

CHORUS

A continuation of the musical score for two voices. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics "Saved . . . by His grace so free, Saved . . . for e - ter - ni - ty," are written below the staves.

Saved . . . by His grace so free,
Saved, I'm saved

Saved . . . for e - ter - ni - ty,
Saved, I'm saved

A continuation of the musical score for two voices. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics "rit. - - -" are written above the staves.

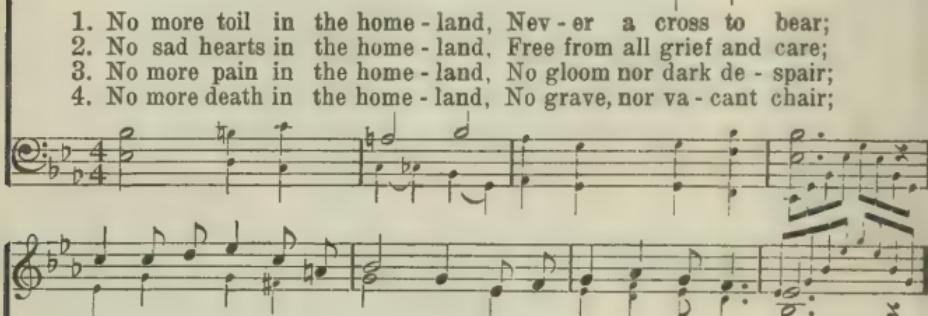
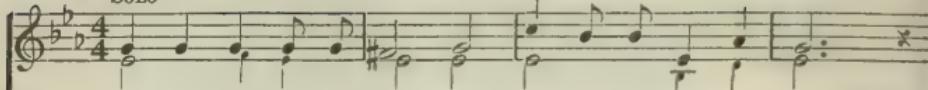
rit.

A continuation of the musical score for two voices. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics "Saved from the ut-ter-most, Saved to the ut - ter-most, Saved! Saved!! Saved!!!

Saved from the ut-ter-most, Saved to the ut - ter-most, Saved! Saved!! Saved!!!

B. B. McK.
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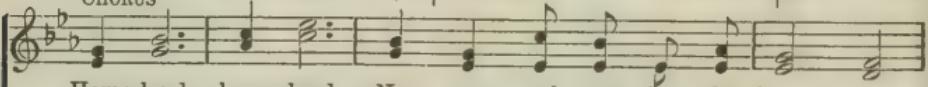
B. B. McKinney.



There's peaceful rest in the home - land, For there is no toil-ing there.
 Tears are unknown in the home - land, For there is no sor - row there.
 Christ our Re-deem-er hath con-quered, And there is no sick-ness there.
 No sep - a - ra - tion up yon - der, For there is no dy - ing there.



CHORUS



Home-land, home-land, No more sad - ness in the home - land;

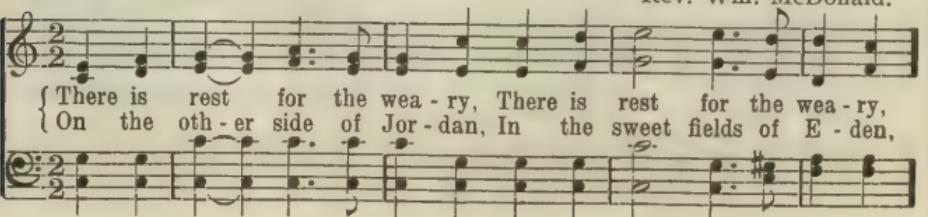


Home-land, home-land, All is glad-ness in the home - land.



Rev. S. Y. Harmer.

Rev. Wm. McDonald.



Rest for the Weary.



There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.)
Where the tree of life is bloom-ing. There is rest for you.)

227

Better Farther On.

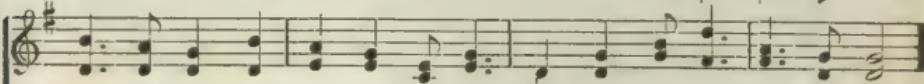
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1934, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Arr. by B. B. McK.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.



1. Dark and storm-y is the des - ert Thro' which pil-grims make their way;
2. Hark! a voice from heav-en steal-ing Soft - ly in an un - der - tone;
3. Night and morn it sings the same song, Sings it while I sleep a - lone;
4. At the grave I'll sing the same song, When my loved ones too, are gone;



Just be-yond the vale of sor-row Lies the field of end - less day.
Hark! I hear the gen - tle whis-per, "It is bet - ter far - ther on."
Sings it so my soul can hear it, "It is bet - ter far - ther on."
Sing it till the morn-ing dawn-eth, "It is bet - ter far - ther on."



CHORUS



Far - ther on, a lit - tle far - ther, Soon we'll gath-er round the throne;



There we'll dwell with Christ for - ev - er, It is bet - ter far - ther on.



228 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

COPYRIGHT, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.
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A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;

What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.

REFRAIN.

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

229 Come Into My Heart.

Martha S. Clingan.

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Robert Harkness.

CHORUS.

Come in - to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus;

Come Into My Heart.

Pos - sess me, I pray, O use me al-way; Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus.

230 O Come, All Ye faithful.

Adeste Fideles. Portuguese Hymn. Irregular.

Tr. by Frederick Oakeley.

Anon.

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O come ye, O
2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, O sing, all ye
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning, Je - sus, to

come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him born the King of
bright hosts of heav'n a - bove; Glo - ry to God, all glo - ry in the
Thee be all glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap -

CHORUS.

an - gels:
high - est: O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,
pear - ing:

O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A - MEN.

231

Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

St. Christopher.

Frederick C. Maker.

1. Be -neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
 2. Up -on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
 3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place;

The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With -in a wea - ry land,
 The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me;
 I ask no oth - er sun-shine than The sun - shine of His face;

A home with -in the wil - der - ness, A rest up -on the way,
 And from my smit - ten heart with tears, Two won - ders I con-fess,-
 Con-tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

From the burning of the noon-tide heat, And the bur-den of the day.
 The won - ders of His glo - ri - ous love And my own worth-less-ness.
 My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross! A-MEN.

232 I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.

Isaac Watts.

Denfield. C. M.

Carl Glasser.

1. I'm not a -shamed to own my Lord, Or to de - fend His cause,
 2. Je -sus, my God, I know His name; His name is all my trust;
 3. Firm as His throne His prom -ise stands, And He can well se - cure
 4. Then will He own my worth-less name Be - fore His Fa - ther's face,

I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.

Musical score for "I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord." The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics are as follows:

Main-tain the hon - or of His word, The glo - ry of His cross.
Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my soul be lost.
What I've com-mit - ted to His hands Till the de - ci - sive hour.
And in the New Je - ru - sa - lem Ap-point my soul a place. A-MEN.

233

A friend of Mine.

B. B. McK.

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

B. B. McKinney.

Musical score for "A friend of Mine." The score consists of three staves. The first two staves are in F major and the third staff is in C major. The lyrics are as follows:

1. There is joy in my heart as I jour - ney To the cit - y of love di-vine,
2. Tho' the world may despise and dis-own me, And the sun may refuse to shine,
3. I will work, watch and pray for my Sav-ior, I will follow His wise de-sign,

And I sing o'er and o'er the sweet sto - ry, Je - sus is a Friend of mine.
There is One who nev-er will for-sake me, Je - sus is a Friend of mine.
Till He calls me to meet Him in Glo - ry; Je - sus is a Friend of mine.

CHORUS.

Musical score for the chorus of "A friend of Mine." The score consists of three staves. The first two staves are in F major and the third staff is in C major. The lyrics are as follows:

Je-sus, Je-sus is a Friend of mine, Je - sus, Je - sus is a Friend divine;

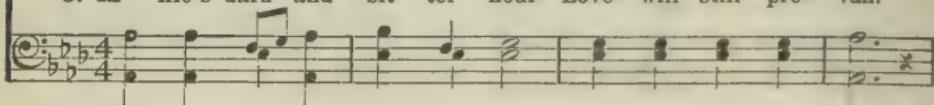
In my heart He makes the sun to shine, Je - sus is a Friend of mine.

A. A. Luther.

COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY MRS. O. E. WILLIAMS.
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A. A. Luther.

Har. and arr. by Carl Blackmore.



One still loves and cares for you: Je - sus nev - er fails.

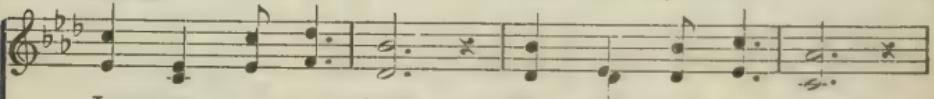
Just re - mem - ber He is near, And He will not fail.

Trust His ev - er - last - ing pow'r, Je - sus will not fail.

(1.) nev - er fails.



CHORUS



Je - sus nev - er fails, Je - sus nev - er fails;



Heav'n and earth may pass a - way But Je - sus nev - er fails.

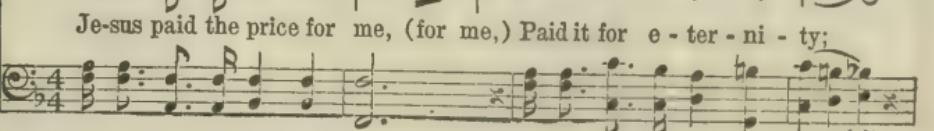


235 Jesus Paid the Price for Me.

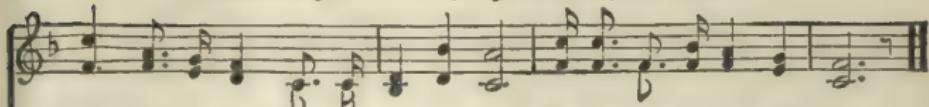
M. B. J.

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Mrs. Maude B. Jacobs.



Jesus Paid the Price for Me.



This shall my song thro' the a - ges be: Je-sus paid the price for me.

236 The Kingdom is Coming.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

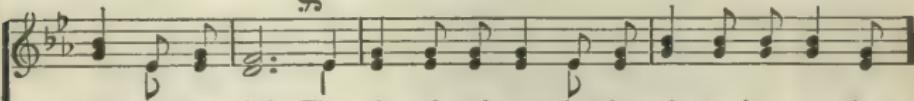
R. M. McIntosh.



1. From all the dark plac - es Of earth's heathen rac - es, O see how the
2. The sun-light is glanc-ing O'er ar - mies ad-vanc-ing To con-quer the
3. With shouting and sing-ing, And ju - bi - lant ring-ing, Their arms of re-



ss



thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A - wakes ev 'ry na - tion, king-doms of sin; Our Lord shall possess them, His presence shall bless them, bel - lion cast down; At last ev - 'ry na - tion The Lord of sal - va - tion



D. S.—*The earth shall be full of His knowledge and glo - ry.*
FINE. CHORUS.

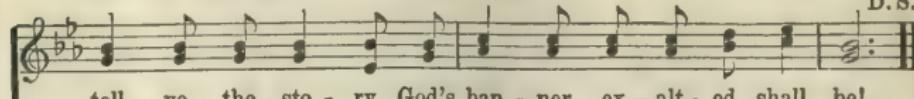


Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
His beau - ty shall en - ter them in. The king - dom is com - ing, O
Their King and Re-deem - er shall crown!

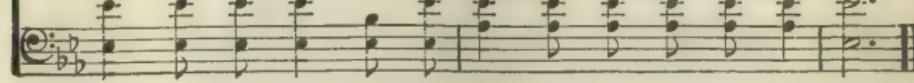


As wa - ters that cov - er the sea.

D.S.



tell ye the sto - ry, God's ban - ner ex - alt - ed shall be!



F. M. D.

Frank M. Davis.

1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
 2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll;
 3. Sav - ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,
 1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.
 I am safe when Thou art nigh, All my hopes on Thee re-ly.
 To the land of end-less day, Where all tears are wiped away.
 I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love abide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;.....
 lest I stray;
 Gen-tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Sav - ior, all the way.
 stream of time, all the way.

238 Let The Beauty Of Jesus.

Albert Orsborn.

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Rev. Tom Jones.

Let the beau-ty of Je-sus be seen in me, All His

Let The Beauty Of Jesus.

won - der - ful pas - sion and pur - i - ty; O Thou Spir - it di - vine,

All my nature re-fine, Till the beauty of Je-sus be seen in me.

239 Send The Old-Time Power.

B. B. McK.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

B. B. McKinney.

1. As we gath-er in Thy pres-ence; What a bless-ed, sa-cred hour! In the name of
2. Take pos-ses - sion of Thy peo - ple, Ev'ry heart and life re-fine, That the world may
3. Let the flood-tides come up-on us, "As of old at Pen-te-cost," Breathe upon us,
4. Lord, we claim the old-time pow'er, Claim it thro' Thy ris - en Son, Let the saints re -

CHORUS.

Christ our Sav-ior, Send the old-time pow'r. Send the old - time pow'r, Send the
know we love Thee, And are whol-ly Thine.
Ho - ly Spir - it, Woo and win the lost.
joice and praise Thee For the vic-t'ries won.

old-time pow'r,

old time pow'r,.. That the lost may turn to Je-sus, Send the old-time pow'r.
old-time pow'r,

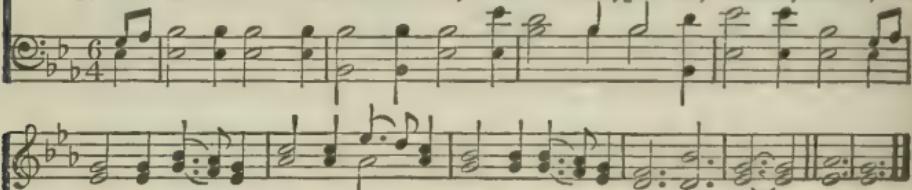
Charlotte Elliott.

Woodworth. L. M.

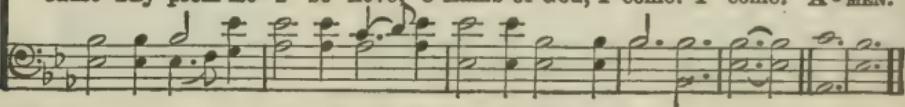
William B. Bradbury.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fight-
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Be-



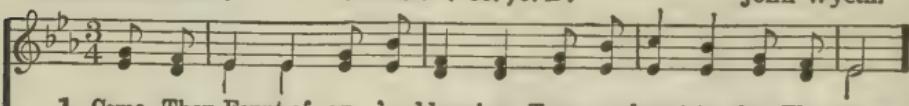
that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A-MEN.



Robert Robinson.

Nettleton. 8s. 7s. D.

John Wyeth.



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home.
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:



Come, Thou Sount.

Teach me some mel - o-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a-bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter-posed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a-bove. A - MEN.

242

Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

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J. S. Norris.

-
1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will

REF.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He

hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way. A - MEN.

leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

243

In The Cross of Christ.

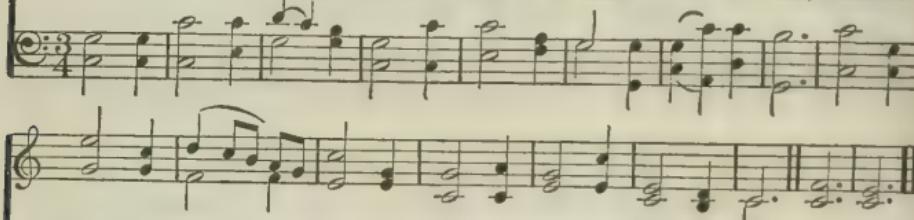
Sir John Bowring.

Rathbun. 8s. 7s.

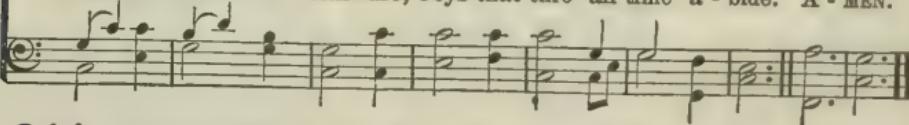
Ithamar Conkey.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time; All the
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy, Nev-er
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way, From the
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied; Peace is



light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
 shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus-ter to the day.
 there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide. A - MEN.

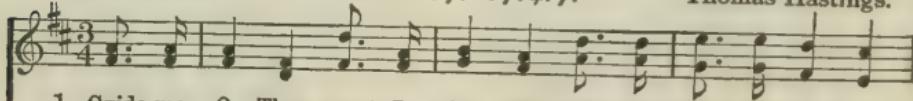


244 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

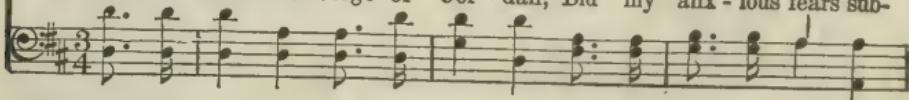
William Williams.

Zion. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

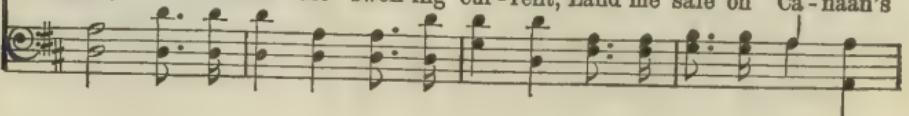
Thomas Hastings.



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain Whence the heal - ing wa - ters
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub-



land; I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful
 flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney
 side; Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's



Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

hand: Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more;
thro': Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;
side: Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee;

Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee. A - MEN.

245

Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay.

Rest. L. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep!
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose waking is su - preme-ly blest!
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!

A calm and un-dis-turbed repose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi-dence to sing, That death hath lost his venomed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Savior's pow'r.
Se - cure-ly shall my ash - es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high. A - MEN.

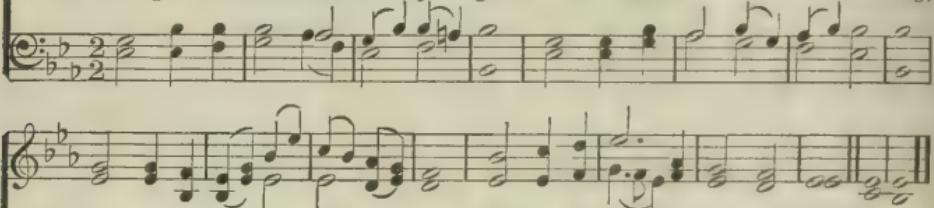
Isaac Watts.

Duke Street. L. M.

John Hatton.



1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their hom-age at His feet;
3. To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-est song,

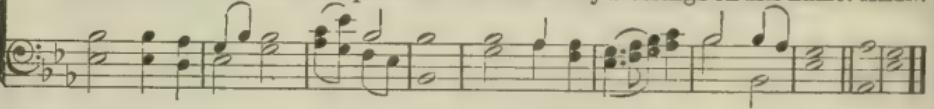


His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.

His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn-ing sac-ri - fice.

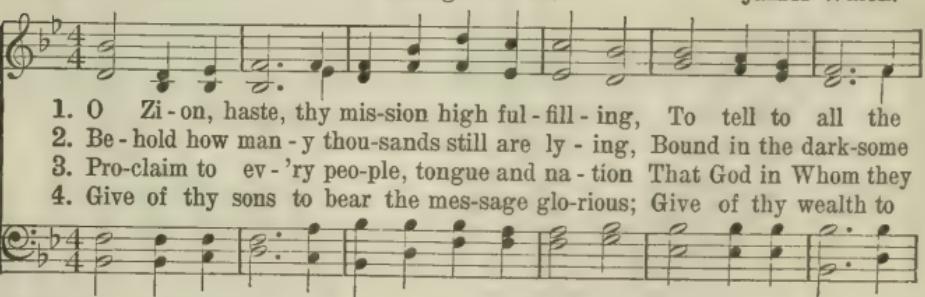
And in - fant voi - ces shall pro-claim Their earthly blessings on His name. AMEN.



Mary A. Thomson.

Tidings. P. M.

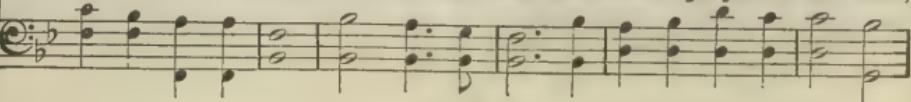
James Walch.



1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thou-sands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to

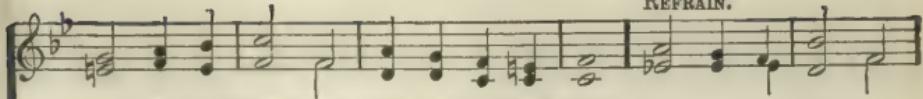


world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will-ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;

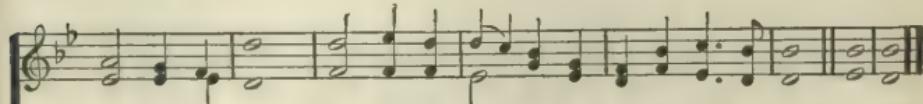


O Zion, Haste.

REFRAIN.



One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.



Ti-dings of peace; Ti-dings of Je-sus, Re-demp-tion and re-l ease. A-MEN.



248 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

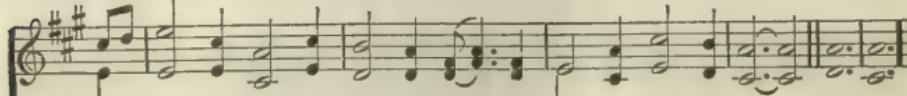
Thos. Shepherd.

Maitland. C. M.

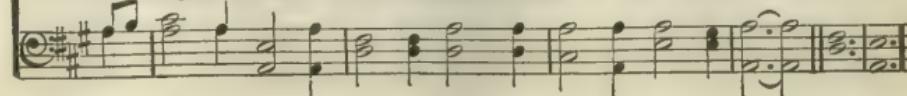
Geo. N. Allen.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—
2. The con - se - crat-ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. O, pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res - ur - rec-tion day!



No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re-peat.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way. A-MEN.



249 Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee.

Bernard.

St. Agnes. C. M.

J. B. Dykes.



1. Je-sus! the ver-y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem-ry find
3. O hope of ev'-ry con-trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
4. But whāt to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show,



But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Je-sus' name, The Sav-i-or of man-kind.
To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je-sus, what it is None but His loved ones know. A-MEN.



250 Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman. *Lux Benigna.* 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

John B. Dykes.



1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on



The night is dark, and I am far from home;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

Lead Thou me on!
Lead Thou me on!
The night is gone,



Lead, Kindly Light.

Musical score for "Lead, Kindly Light." featuring two staves of music. The first staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, . . .
And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile . . .

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re-mem - ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! A - MEN.

251

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Dennis. S. M.

Hans G. Naegeli.

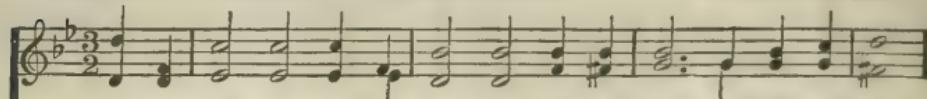
Musical score for "Blest Be the Tie." featuring three staves of music. The first staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The third staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the notes.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel - low -
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers; Our fears, our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur-dens bear; And oft - en
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall

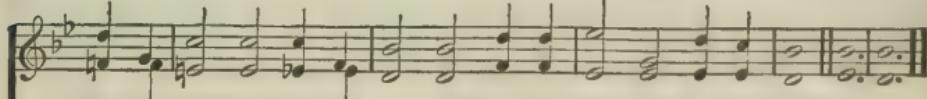
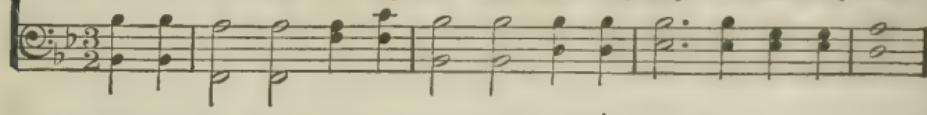
ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - MEN.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. *Galilee.* 8.7.8.7.

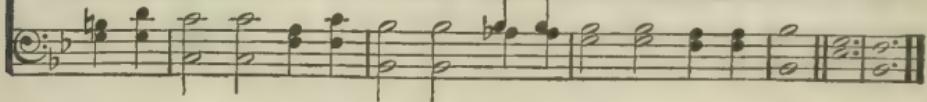
William H. Jude.



1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear Thy call,



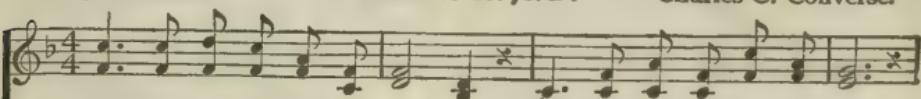
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low Me."
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
 Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A - MEN.



Joseph Scriven.

Converse. 8s. 7s. D.

Charles C. Converse.



1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?—



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev-er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.



What a friend.



O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there. A - MEN.

254

Amazing Grace.

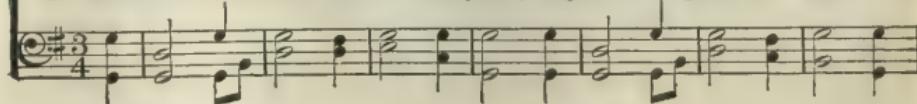
John Newton.

McIntosh. C. M.

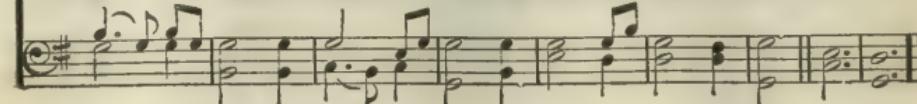
Arr. by E. O. Excell.



1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved; How
3. Thro' man - y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come; 'Tis
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun, We've



once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved!
grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun. A - MEN.



255 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

W. Gladden.

Maryton. L. M.

H. P. Smith.

1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
 2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
 3. Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee In clos-er, dear - er com - pa - ny,
 4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way,

Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
 Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs over wrong.
 In peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Master, let me live. A-MEN.

256 Just As I Am, Thine Own to Be.

Marianne Hearn.

Just As I Am. 8. 8. 8. 6.

Joseph Barnby.

1. Just as I am, Thine own to be, Friend of the young, who lov-est me,
 2. In the glad morn-ing of my day, My life to give, my vows to pay,
 3. I would live ev - er in the light; I would work ev - er for the right;
 4. Just as I am, young, strong, and free, To be the best that I can be

UNISON

To con - se-crate my - self to Thee, O Je - sus Christ, I come.
 With no re-serve and no de - lay, With all my heart I come.
 I would serve Thee with all my might; Therefore, to Thee I come.
 For truth, and righteousness, and Thee, Lord of my life, I come. A-MEN.

257 What Glory Gilds the Sacred Page.

William Cowper.

Belmont. C. M.

William Gardiner.

1. What glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tic like the sun!
 2. The hand that gave it still sup - plies His gra - cious light and heat;
 3. Let ev - er - last - ing thanks be Thine, For such a bright dis - play
 4. My soul re - joi - ces to pur - sue The paths of truth and love,

It gives a light to ev - 'ry age; It gives, but bor - rows none.
 His truths up - on the na - tions rise; They rise, but nev - er set.
 As makes the world of darkness shine With beams of heav'ly day.
 Till glo - ry breaks up - on my view In bright - er worlds a - bove. A - MEN.

258 Lamp of Our Feet, Whereby We Trace.

Bernard D. Barton.

Lambeth. C. M.

A. Schulthes.

1. Lamp of our feet, where - by we trace Our path, when wont to stray;
 2. Bread of our souls, where - on we feed, True man - na from on high;
 3. Pil - lar of fire, thro' watch - es dark, Or ra - diant cloud by day;
 4. Word of the ev - er - liv - ing God, Will of His glo - rious Son;

Stream from the fount of heav'ly grace, Brook by the trav'ler's way;
 Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms beyond the sky;
 When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark, Our an - chor and our stay;
 With - out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be won? A - MEN.

259 God is Love; His Mercy Brightens.

J. Bowring.

Wilmot.

Carl Marie von Weber.



1. God is love; His mer - cy bright - ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bus-y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem - eth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;



Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
 But His mer - cy wan-eth nev - er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
 From the gloom His brightness streameth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
 Ev - 'ry-where His glo - ry shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love. A - MEN.



260 My Times Are In Thy Hand.

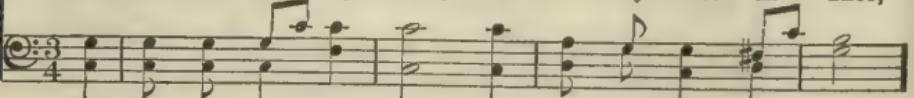
William F. Floyd.

Boylston. S. M.

Lowell Mason.



1. My times are in Thy hand; My God, I wish them there;
2. My times are in Thy hand, What - ev - er they may be;
3. My times are in Thy hand, Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied!
4. My times are in Thy hand, I'll al - ways trust in Thee;



My life, my friends, my soul I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.
 Pleas-ing or pain - ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
 Those hands my cru - el sins had pierced Are now my guard and guide.
 And, aft - er death, at Thy right hand I shall for - ev - er be. A - MEN.



261

When I Survey.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

Hamburg. L. M. Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small:

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all. A-MEN.

262 In All My Lord's Appointed Ways.

John Ryland.

Azmon. C. M.

Carl G. Glaser.

1. In all my Lord's ap - point-ed ways My jour-ney I'll pur - sue;
2. Thro' floods and flames, if Je-sus lead, I'll fol - low where He goes;
3. Thro' du - ty, and thro' tri - als too, I'll go at His com-mand;
4. And when my Sav - ior calls me home, Still this my cry shall be,

Hin - der me not! ye much-loved saints, For I must go with you.
 Hin - der me not! shall be my cry, Tho' earth and hell op - pose.
 Hin - der me not! for I am bound To my Im - man-u-el's land.
 Hin - der me not! come, welcome death; I'll glad - ly go with Thee! A-MEN.

263

O for a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley.

Azmon. C. M.

Carl G. Glaser.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise, The
 2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim, To
 3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease; 'Tis
 4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris - ner free; His
 5. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em-ploy; Ye

glo - ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
 spread thro' all the earth a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name.
 mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.
 blind, be - hold your Sav - ior come; And leap, ye lame, for joy. A - MEN.

264 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome.

Boylston. S. M.

Lowell Mason.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let
 2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an - gels see; Be
 3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin de-mands a tear; In

tears of pen - i - ten-tial grief Flow forth from ev - 'ry eye.
 thou as - ton-ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
 Heav'n a-lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there. A - MEN.

265 There Is a Green Hill Far Away.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

Horsley. C. M.

William Horsley.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall,
 2. We may not know, we can-not tell, What pains He had to bear,
 3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
 4. There was no oth-er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;
 5. O dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved! And we must love Him too,

Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
 But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood.
 He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.
 And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. A-MEN.

266 Prayer Is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

James Montgomery.

Lambeth. C. M.

Anonymous.

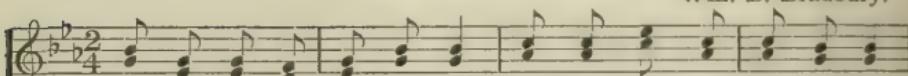
1. Prayer is the soul's sin-cere de-sire, Ut-tered or un-ex-pressed;
 2. Prayer is the bur-den of a sigh, The fall-ing of a tear,
 3. Prayer is the con-trite sin-ner's voice, Re-turn-ing from his ways;
 4. Prayer is the Chris-tian's vi-tal breath, The Chris-tian's na-tive air,
 5. O Thou, by whom we come to God, The Life, the Truth, the Way,

The mo-tion of a hid-den fire That trem-bles in the breast.
 The up-ward glanc-ing of an eye, When none but God is near.
 While an-gels in their songs re-joice And cry, "Be-hold, he pray-s!"
 His watch-word at the gates of death; He en-ters heav'n with prayer.
 The path of prayer Thy-self hast trod: Lord, teach us how to pray! A-MEN.

Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite Hymn of China.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.



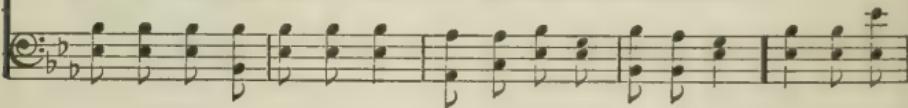
1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;



CHORUS.



Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
 He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus
 From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
 If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.



loves me, Yes, Je-sus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bi-ble tells me so.



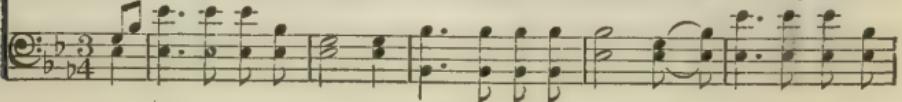
Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.

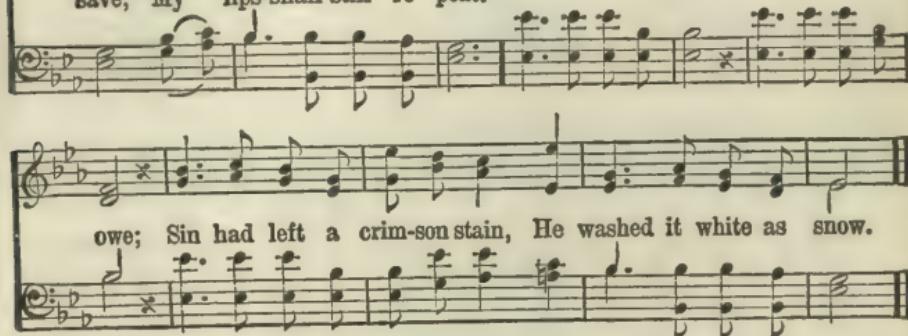
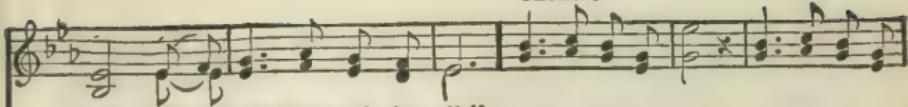


1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the lep-er's
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my garments
4. And when, before the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Jesus died my soul to



Jesus Paid It All.

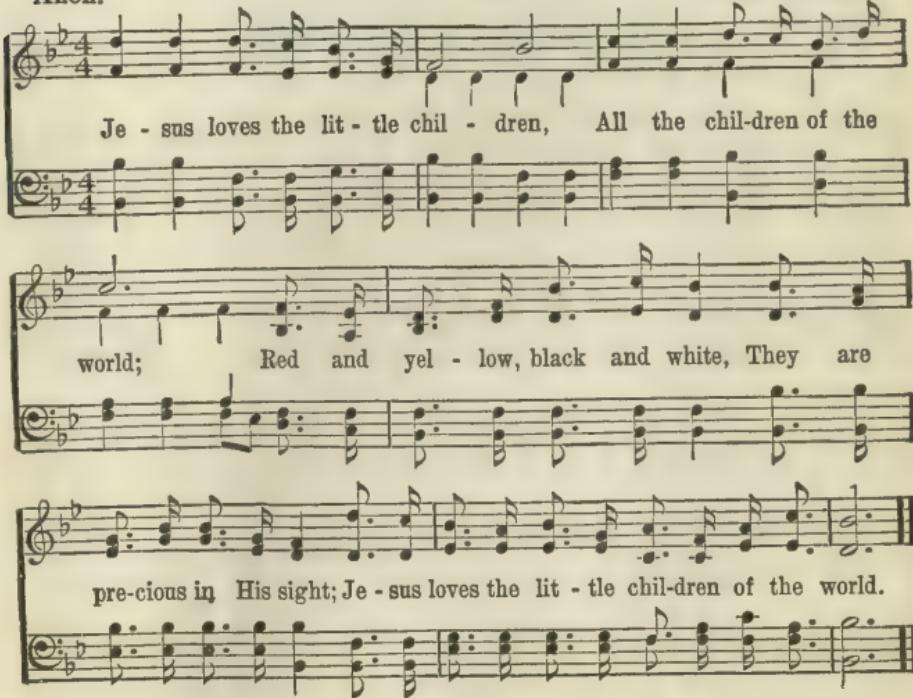
CHORUS.



269 Jesus Loves the Little Children.

Anon.

Geo. F. Root.



270

Good Morning to You!

Brightly.

1. Good morn - ing to you, Good morn - ing to you,
 2. Hap - py birth - day to you, Hap - py birth - day to you,
 3. A wel - come to you, A wel - come to you,
 4. 'Tis love brings us here, 'Tis love brings us here,

Good morn-ing, dear chil - dren, Good morn - ing to you!
 Hap - py birth-day, dear chil - dren, Hap - py birth - day to you!
 A wel-come, dear chil - dren, A wel - come to you!
 'Tis love, dear chil - dren, 'Tis love brings us here.

271

Praise Him, Praise Him!

1. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love;
 2. Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love;
 3. Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love;

Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love.
 Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love.
 Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love.

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P. R.

Paul Rader.

On ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve; All things are pos-si - ble, on - ly be - lieve;
On - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve; All things are pos-si - ble, on - ly be - lieve.

London Hymn Book.

USED BY PERMISSION.

S. C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears with-in; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S. — Be-cause He first loved me, And
FINE D. S.

pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.

purchased my sal - va - tion on Calv'ry's tree.

Church Bells.

(A SONG FOR PRIMARY CLASSES.)

W. E. H.

Copyright, 1904, by Wm. E. Howard
Owned by Robert H. Coleman

W. E. Howard.

1. To and fro the church bells swing, In the steeple high; Hear them while they
2. "Come to church," they seem to say, "Tis the hour of prayer; Come, and wor-ship
3. Let me, like the bells a - bove, Nev - er wea-ry grow, Tell - ing of the

CHORUS.

loud - ly sing Un-der-neath the sky.

God to - day In His tem-ple fair." "Ding,dong,ding,"The great bells ring,
Lord I love, So the world may know.

Call-ing "This is Sun-day morn-ing; Ding,dong,ding, Ding,dong,ding,"The

great bells sing; Hear them loud - ly sing-ing in the morn - ing!

Good Morning Song.

(PRIMARY.)

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY WM. E. HOWARD.

W. E. H.

Wm. E. Howard.

1-3. "Good morn - ing, good morn - ing, God gives the morn - ing,

Good Morning Song.

smile at each oth - er, And wave our hands too.

276

Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet-ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to Heav - enz
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:

REFRAIN.

1 2

Beau-ti-ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life. Life. A - MEN.

Coronation. C. M.

Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Yo ran-somed from the fall,
 3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball,

Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all! A-MEN.

Miles' Lane. C. M.

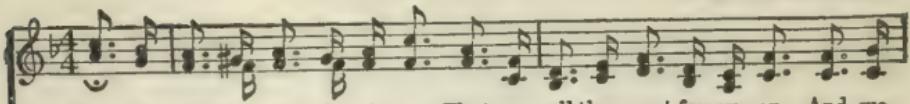
William Shrubsole.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
 di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all! A-MEN.

279 When They Ring the Golden Bells.

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Dion De Marbelle.



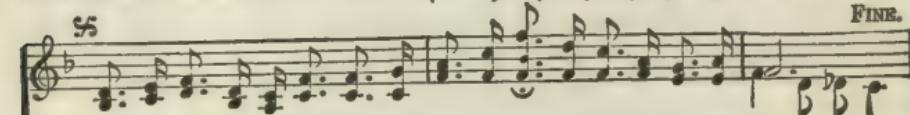
1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev-er, And we
2. We shall know no sin or sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, And in death we sweetly slumber, When the



on - ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque shall sail beyond the sil-ver sea; We shall on - ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall

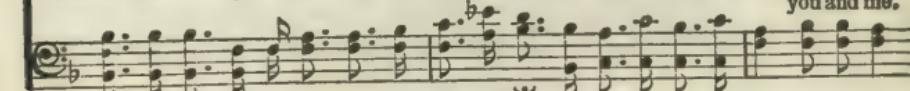


FINE.



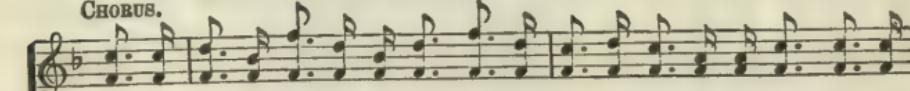
dwell with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Fa-ther's sweet caressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me,

you and me.

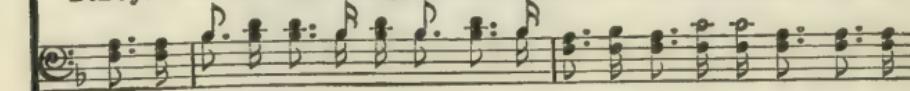


D.S.-yond the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me. (you and me.)

CHORUS.

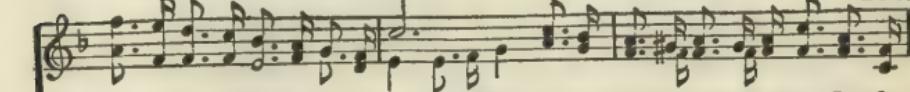


Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the

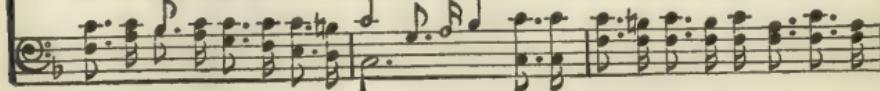


glory hal - le-lu-jah Ju - bi-lee. (Ju - bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-

D.S.



glory hal - le-lu-jah Ju - bi-lee. (Ju - bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-

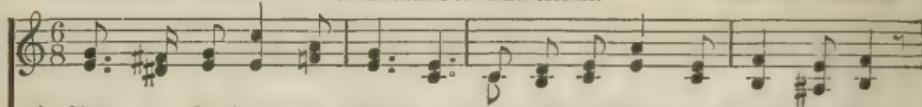


280 Sing to the Lord a New Song.

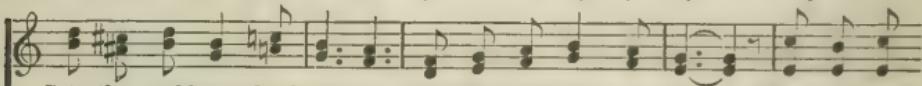
Charlotte G. Homer.

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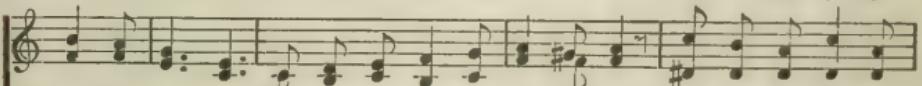
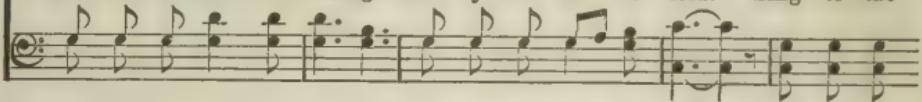
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Sing to the Lord a new song, Praise Him with hymns of ec - sta - sy:
2. Sing when your heart is ach - ing; There must be oth - ers ach - ing, too,
3. Sing for the sun - ny Spring-time, And for the Win - ter dark and cold;



Set the world round a-bout you Throbbing with mel - o - dy; Sing, and the
Long-ing for just a whispered Word, or a song from you. Sing when the
Sea - sons a - like their blessings Man - y and rich un - fold. Sing to the



answ'ring ech - oes, Com-ing from lives de - void of cheer, Will be the sweet-est
sky is dark - est, For there are man - y—it may be— Needing your song of
Lord a new song, And be - fore men His name confess; Give to the world a



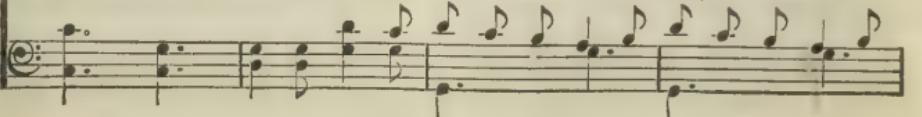
CHORUS



mu - sic you On earth may hear... Sing, sing, sing,... Till the
comfort, hope, And sym - pa - thy.... message, God Will own and bless.... Sing, O sing un - to the Lord,



world re-sounds with glad-ness; With heart and with voice Before Him re-joice, For
Sing un - - to the Lord; Give praise to Him, for



Sing to the Lord a New Song.

hon - or and praise un - to Him be-long. Sing, sing, sing, . It will
prais - es to Him be-long. Sing, O sing un - to the Lord,
soothe a world of sadness; Sing to the Lord, And praise Him with A joy - ful song.

281 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Samuel Stennett.

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wist - ful eye
2. All o'er those wide-ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill - ing winds, nor pois'rous breath, Can reach that health-ful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?

FINE

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie.
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?

D.S.—O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.

REFRAIN

D. S.

I am bound for the promised land, . . . I am bound for the promised land;
promised land,

Our Dearest friend.

Joseph Scriven.

Chorus by B. B. McK.

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Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!.....
 2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta : tions? Is their trouble an - y - where?.....
 3. Are we weak and heavy la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?—.....

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta : tions, Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
 3. Are we weak and heavy la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?—

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev'ry-thing to God in pray'r!.....
 We should never be dis-cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.....
 Pre-cious Savior, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in pray'r.....

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev'rything to God in pray'r! (to God in pray'r!)
 We should nev - er be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r, (the Lord in pray'r.)
 Pre-cious Sav - ior, still our refuge,— Take it to the Lord in pray'r, (the Lord in pray'r.)

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,...
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sorrows share?....
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r; ...

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sorrows share?....
 Do thy friends de - spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

All because we do not car - ry Ev'ry-thing to God in pray'r. (in pray'r.)
 Je - sus knows our ev'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r. (in pray'r.)
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there. (yes, there.)

All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev'ry-thing to God in pray'r....
 Je-sus knows our ev - 'ry weakness. Take it to the Lord in pray'r....
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there

Our Dearest Friend.

CHORUS.

Pre-cious Je-sus, we will trust Thee, Sim-ply trust whate'er be-fall,.....
Pre-cious Je - sus, we will trust Thee, Simply trust what - e'er be - fall,

Thou wilt nev-er, nev-er leave us; Dear - est, truest Friend of all.....
Thou wilt nev - er, nev - er leave us; Dear-est tru-est Friend of all. (of all.)

283 Knocking At The Door.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1933, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Mrs. C. Slade.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

1. Who at my door is stand-ing, Pa-tient - ly draw-ing near, Entrance within
2. Lone - ly without He's stay-ing, Lone - ly with-in am I, While I am still
3. All through the dark hours drear-y, Knock-ing a-gain is He, Je - sus, art Thou
4. Door of my heart, I has - ten! Thee will I o - pen wide, Though He rebuke

CHORUS.

de - mand-ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
de - lay - ing, Will He not pass me by? Sweet-ly the tones are fall - ing:-
not wea - ry, Wait-ing so long for me?
and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.

"O-pen the door for me! If Thou wilt heed my call - ing, I will abide with thee."

284 Master, the Tempest Is Raging.

Mary A. Baker.

H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

H. R. Palmer.



1. Mas - ter, the tem-pe-st is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas - ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas - ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet-ly rest;



The sky is o'er-shadowed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troub - led; O wak - en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast.



"Car - est Thou not that we per - ish?" How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul!
Lin - ger, O bless-ed Re-deem - er, Leave me a - lone no more;



When each moment so mad - ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per - ish! I per - ish, dear Mas - ter; O has-ten, and take con - trol!
And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.



Master, the Tempest Is Raging.

REFRAIN

p

pp

"The winds and the waves shall o - bey My will. Peace... be still!
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons, or men, or what-

cres - - - - cen - - - - do

ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of

o - cean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, be still!

Peace, be still! They all shall sweet-ly o - bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!"

Nearer Home.

Alice Cary.

DUET. *Moderato.*COPYRIGHT, 1933, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
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B. B. McKinney.

1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve is drawing on,
 2. One day near - er, sings the sail - or, As he glides..... the waters o'er,
 3. Nearer home, yes, one day near - er. To our home..... beyond the sky,

Slow - ly drops the gen - tle twi - light, For an - oth - er day is gone,
 While the light is soft - ly dy - ing, On the dis - tant, na - tive shore,
 To the green fields and the foun - ta - ins, In our Fa - ther's home on high,

Gone for aye, its race is o - ver, Soon the dark - ning shades will come,
 Thus the Chris - tian, on life's o - cean, As his light - boat cuts the foam,
 For the heav'n's are growing bright - er, And the lamps hang in the dome,

Still 'tis sweet to know at eve - ning We are one..... day nearer home.
 In the eve - ning cries with rap - ture, I am one..... day nearer home.
 And our hearts are growing light - er, For we're one..... day nearer home.

Still 'tis sweet to know at eve - ning We are one..... day nearer home.
 In the eve - ning cries with rap - ture, I am one..... day nearer home.
 And our hearts are growing light - er, For we're one..... day nearer home.

Nearer Home.

CHORUS. *All Parts.*



Nearer home,..... near-er home,..... Oh, 'tis
Near-er our beau-ti - ful home, near-er our heav-en-ly home,

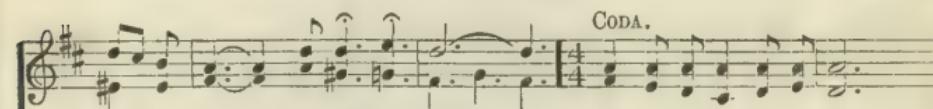


always sweet to know We are one day nearer home, Nearer home;..... Near-er our beau-ti - ful home;

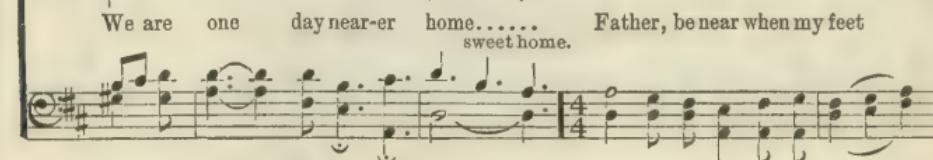


near-er home,..... Oh, 'tis al-ways sweet to know at e - ven,
nearer our heav-en-ly home,

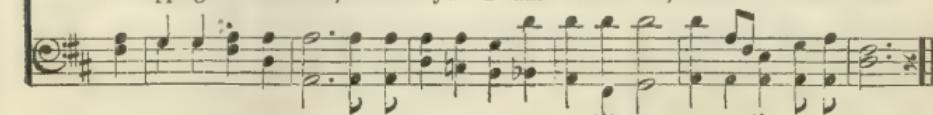
CODA.



We are one day nearer home..... Father, be near when my feet
sweet home.



Are slipping o'er the brink, For it may be I am nearer home, Nearer now than I think.



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H. L.

Haldor Lillenas.

Great is its charm, un - dy-ing its grace, Never its depths we can ful - ly trace. With Name that will ope the portals of heav'n, Name thro' whic sin may be free-ly for-giv'n. The Ser - a-phims, lift your voic-es in song, An-gel - ic hosts shall its praise pro-long. Let

Male Voices.

Four Parts.

CHORUS. Melody in Bass.

*The melody is in the bass in first four measures. Tenors may be divided so as to have some of them sing the bass in order to emphasize the melody.

There Is A Wonderful Name.

won - der - ful name, Glo - ri - ous name, glo - ri - ous name,
name,..... match - less, glo - ri - ous name;.....

Melody in Soprano.

No one can fathom its depth or height, No one describe all its grace a-right;

No one re - veal all its wondrous might, That mar - vel - ous name of Je - sus.

Coda (*After last verse only.*)

DOANE

Precious name, oh how sweet, Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, oh, how sweet,

Precious name, oh, how sweet.... Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Pre-
cious name, how sweet,

Awakening Chorus.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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Homer A. Rodeheaver, Owner.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless-ed sto - ry; A
A-wake! a-wake!

2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-
Ring out! ring out!

wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
A-wake! a-wake! A-wake!

peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
Re-peat, re-repeat, Till all

wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
a-wake! And light is beam-ing the
earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And shout a - new the
the earth, And shout a-new

MALE VOICES IN UNISON.

from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo - ri - ous re-frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

FULL HARMONY.

glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

UNISON.

ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re -
sin is back-ward hurled!

joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!

FULL HARMONY.

Pro-claim His sov-reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let His

glo - - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!

Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns! A-MEN.
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice!

S. F. Smith.

America.

English.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
 To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain-side Let free-dom ring!
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! A - MEN.

USED BY PERMISSION OF J. YATES PEEK.

Howard Arnold Walter.

Peek.

Joseph Yates Peek.

1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be
 2. I would be friend of all—the foe, the friend - less; I would be

I Would Be True.

pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for
giv - ing, and for - get the gift; I would be hum - ble,
there is much to suf - fer; I would be brave, for there is much to
for I know my weak-ness; I would look up, and laugh, and love, and
dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
lift, I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift. A-MEN.

290

fight the Good fight.

John S. B. Monsell.

Pentecost. L. M.

William Boyd.

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might! Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
3. Cast care a - side, up - on thy Guide Lean, and His mer - cy will pro-vide;
4. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near, He chang-eth not and thou art dear;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
Life with its way be-fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
On - ly be-lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee. A-MEN.

Response.

Sir George J. Elvey.

Lord, have mercy, havemercy upon us, And inclineour hearts to keepthislaw. A - MEN.

Gloria Patri.

Charles Meineke.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, A-men, A-men.

The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian Chant.

1. Our Father which art in Heaven, hal - lowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;

Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven;
And forgive us our debts, as we for - give our debtors:
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-ev - er, A - men.

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